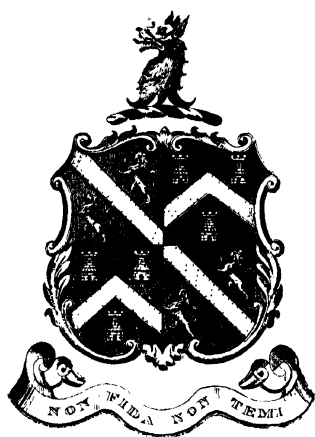


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ESSAYS AND STUDIES  
BY MEMBERS OF  
THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

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## PREFATORY NOTE

I SHOULD like to thank the writers of the following papers for the kindness with which they responded to my appeal for their help, and enabled the English Association to issue this seventh volume of 'Essays and Studies'.

It will be understood that each writer is solely responsible for his own contribution, and for it alone.

JOHN BAILEY

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## RHYME IN ENGLISH POETRY

THE pleasure of rhyme is so simple and primitive that its analysis is peculiarly difficult. Aristotle thought that the germ of all artistic pleasure was to be found in the recognition of resemblances; we are charmed by the picture of a horse because we see at the same time that it is not a horse and that it is one; there is identity and there is difference. In rhyme two or more currents of sense and sound coalesce in such a way as to exhibit, through an identity point, certain reciprocities or divergences of meaning or of motion. The child with his spelling bee brings rhyming syllables together in a tune, but he likes also to rhyme the thought whenever he can: á, t, at, b', a, t, bat, is enjoyable for its rhythm: b, a, t, bat, c, a, t, cat, for its idea; while in many languages popular sentiments, saws, familiar idioms, fortify themselves with this picturesque and vivifying element. We speak of the 'lop and top' of a fallen tree, though the top is lop as well as the sides, and the rhyme of 'morning' with 'warning' seems of itself to make a wet day probable when the sun rises in a red sky.

The close affinity of rhyme and rhythm is expressed in English in a characteristically illogical way: the two words are spelled alike. There is rhythm without rhyme, but, for the student of poetry at least, there is no rhyme without rhythm. To understand the conditions of rhyme in any language, to know what constitutes a rhyme, we must first acquaint ourselves with the rhythmical structure of its poetry. The way has not been made very easy for us by our own poets. Most of them have composed without formulating metrical principles, and several who have made pronouncements have either pronounced wrongly or else, having suggested certain rules, have immediately proceeded to break them. Milton's tempestuous foreword to *Paradise Lost* is a conspicuous example of critical irrelevance. Fortunately, no one can think the worse of rhyme when the author

of *Lycidas* or *L'Allegro* denounces it; yet the notion that it is to be avoided in English because it was avoided in Greek or Latin is confusing and dangerous. Indeed, the problems of our prosody will never be settled until we are agreed that the English and Classical systems have practically nothing in common.

Milton had not the advantage which we have now of seeing before him the developed literature of a race which has expressed both in the form of its language and the fibre of its poetry the classical demands for clarity and proportion. French poetry, which stands to English in a relation not altogether unlike that of classical to modern art, exists wholly within a genre to which rhyme is essential:

Rime, l'unique harmonie  
Du vers, qui, sans tes accents  
Frémissants,  
Serait muet au génie,

writes the greatest critic in a nation of critics, using, let us remark, two rhymes which, perfect to the associations of the French ear, are to the English *muet*, unsatisfying. For Milton there was no La Fontaine, there was no Chénier; but there was Dante, and, curiously enough, Dante had replied by anticipation to Milton's unkindest cut, touching the evil influence of rhyme on expression. 'I heard Dante say', writes his earliest commentator, 'that never a rhyme had led him to say other than he would, but that many a time and oft by means of his rhymes he had made words to express what they were not wont to express for other poets.' Exactly; there is no true rhyme unless, here as everywhere in poetry, sense and sound are in co-operation. The prominence into which rhyming words are thrown has an immediate effect upon their meaning. The beauty and the power of rhyme depend not only on an association with rhythm but on an association with reason also. The point has been elaborated with all the brilliance and impetuosity of genius by Banville, and he even goes so far as to claim that in French the feeling for rhyme and the feeling for poetry are indistinguishable, that the poem is its rhymes. In any case, to think of rhyme as an ornament added

to poetic diction is as if we should think of all the forms which poetry uses as ornaments added to prose. Rhyme is to be conceived as essentially a vehicle of expression, a new witness to the marriage of sound and sense, a sign that words are lighted up by a peculiar reflectiveness.

But these are somewhat subtle considerations, and the chief pleasure we derive from rhyme comes, in our own language at least, of its simplicity. The rhythmical chiming of one word with another gives immediate satisfaction to the ear, like the harmony of two notes in music. We realize anew how fondly we can dwell on the mere music of words, when our attention is held by this recurrent echo. Moreover, we have here, in rounded design, in distillation, virtues which are the very life of poetry. Out of the same life-principle as leaf and stem comes the flower, which is their fulfilment in ecstasy; and rhyme is in this sense the flower of poetry. It has the beauty of attainment and breathes out a meditative fragrance.

The position of rhyme in English verse is a strange one. Not only can it be used or not used at pleasure, but, when it is used, it is seldom used strictly. All our poets gratefully accept almost any kind of substitute which may pass as an equivalent, eye-rhyme, assonance, or whatever it may be.

Mother of Hermes! and still youthful Maia!  
                     May I sing to thee  
 As thou wast hymned on the shores of Baiae?  
                     Or may I woo thee . . .

writes Keats, preluding one of his richest melodies; and the magic of his style is such that it can win our acquiescence in two rhymes, each of which, if we could consider it apart from the context, we should pronounce execrable. The stately Dryden, in one of his courtliest odes, gives us

And if no clustering swarm of bees  
 On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,  
 'Twas that such vulgar miracles  
 Heaven had not leisure to renew.

Indeed, to catalogue the liberties that have been taken would be an endless task. But it would be a mistake to attribute

this abundance of vagaries to racial carelessness or bluntness of taste. The periods of best and fullest production have been the periods of greatest liberty, those who have best understood our poetry have been the last to desire to formalize its expression, and for our rhyme, as for our prosody in general, no rules have been drawn up. This is not merely or not so much due to our instinct for spiritual freedom as to the special quality of our language as a vehicle for poetry. Rhyme is in English uncertain and fluctuating, because the aesthetic environment in which it occurs makes those qualities constituents of beauty.

‘The jingling sound of like endings’, wrote Milton, ‘was a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory as a thing of itself trivial and of no true musical delight.’ As to its avoidance in good oratory, the learned moderns are agreed. Why not in poetry also? or, to reverse the question, why does the prosody of the Classical languages exclude rhyme? Surely because the conditions of the structure of the verse make rhyme superfluous. To hear in close proximity two sounds that recall one another (like *verse* and *superfluous* in the preceding sentence) is displeasing in English as well as in Latin, unless there is some reason for the echo. In Greek or in Latin poetry there would be no reason for it, in English there is a reason. Rhyme, in English prosody, reinforces accent, it helps to mark the distribution of the measure, it announces the conclusion of a verse. When two verses belong together, it is the link between them, the sign of their unity. The shape of a classical verse is differently regulated. Its rhythmical progress and development are clearly announced in every syllable, and no reader who understands the value of the syllables can need any further structural mark or sign. When two or more verses are to be bound together, this is done not by signalling their correspondence, but by so shaping their rhythms that the one implies the other and they dovetail. To rhyme the verses would be as if the poet repeated at the end of each what he had carefully explained in the course of it. Rhyme, we may consistently acknowledge, is an easy, an almost childlike

expedient ; that is a part of its charm. The accentual rhythms to which it is related rest on a much simpler groundwork than the quantitative. Rhyme concentrates the attention, which the subtler classical versification diffuses. It belongs to a less intellectual, a more affectionate scheme, bringing poetry nearer home, popularizing it and endearing it to us. The errors of the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* could not have been made, yet neither could the *Lyrical Ballads* themselves have been written, by a Classical poet.

In a classical verse, then, each syllable is measured as the verse proceeds and its metrical value is wholly independent of its meaning. Rhyme is incompatible with this system, because rhyme postulates a margin of indecision in the reader, a missing link of some kind in the structure of the verse. This is readily perceived by a comparison of its function with that of alliteration in the old Anglo-Saxon metres. Alliteration and rhyme are clearly members of the same genus, rhyme being merely a more distinguished and developed species ; alliteration, however, has long ceased to perform any structural office in our poetry. Used regularly, as it once was, to mark the measure, as flag-staffs mark out a course, it inclined to a defiant and provocative tone. Its appeal was to the popular ear at a time when sensibilities were rude. The demand in rhythm was for lilt and swing, and the effect was obtained by driving into each line, like pegs or rivets, three or four words beginning with the same letter, at the same time embodying in these chosen words, as far as possible, the significant ideas. Rhyme does the same thing, but does it more tenderly and softly. Its operation is best of all exhibited in the poetry of France.

It is not because the French particularly like rhyme that they always use it ; it is because the rhythmical structure of their language, which, unluckily for them, is poor in rhyming syllables, leaves them no choice. The tendencies of pronunciation in French are two. First, there is the tendency to an evenly distributed articulation ; secondly, the tendency to count out these even syllables to a close, to a syllable on which a rest is made. This prolongation of the sound on

one syllable throws the preceding even syllables into a group, a group which is as a rule a phrase with its own more or less independent meaning. In French poetry these tendencies are at once regularized and refined. The result is a verse in which all the syllables are theoretically equal and which we scan by counting them, while a single stressed syllable at the close binds the whole together. Reading poetry more often than we hear it, we are apt to suppose that a verse ends when the printer takes a new line. Yet obviously the question 'what is a verse' cannot be decided arbitrarily, and the poet himself, though he takes a new line for each verse, does not make his verse by doing so. Rhyme in French verse fulfils for the ear what arrangement in lines suggests to the eye. It is a clue to the rhythmical disposition of the words, and automatically marks the stresses on which the sense and sound of the poem are sustained.

Thus in French verse there is in each line one single metrical stress only, given by the rhyme, while in English we have a stress in every foot. The conditions and associations of rhyme in the two languages are therefore wholly different. Not only is the relative importance of rhyme much greater for the French than for us, but also the French ear is differently attuned. Briefly, the organization of a French verse is much more delicate than that of an English one. The artist commands a smaller scale of values. He is playing on a harpsichord instead of on a grand piano, and the effects of the music must be obtained through the subtlest gradations of tone. An interesting example of this is the value in French of identity rhyme, which the broader framework of English poetry discards.

Doux ange aux candides pensées,  
Elle était gaie en arrivant,  
Toutes ces choses sont passées  
Comme l'ombre et comme le vent.

The treatment of the metre here, and particularly the synco-pated rhythm of the last line, is such as to throw the concluding word into high relief, and yet both the rhymes, to an untrained English ear, seem painfully meagre. For the more

sensitive French hearer, the tragic idea of the stanza is worked out onomatopoeically in a series of hidden suggestions and anticipations. *Doux* and *toutes*, with the tenderness they imply, are the first touch; then the *ée* rhyme, with the affiliated *ai* sound, develops the impression of heedless gaiety (*elle était gaie*), the extinction of which, given in the word *vent*, is heralded in the thrice repeated *-an*, *-en* sounds of the first line. These niceties have their contributive value because of the fine equilibrium which governs the rhythmical movement, and it is this same equilibrium which makes the tenuity of the rhymes themselves acceptable. The argument is not to the effect that French poetry is superior to English, or that the French reader because he listens more scrupulously listens more artistically. He listens to different things and in a different way, and it is useful to take stock of these differences because they enable us to judge better of the conditions which rhyme has to meet in our own language.

With Chaucer rhyme naturally retained a great part of its French associations. He makes frequent use of the identity rhyme:

Al was fee simple to him in effect  
His purchasing mighte nat been infect,

and is only more careless than a French author would be to relieve the identity by a change of sense; however, he can rhyme his meanings in the true French style when the occasion offers:

thinketh al nis but a fayre  
This world that passeth sone as floures fayre.

These gallicisms in Chaucer's rhyme are part of the general syllabic bias of his verse; but in the famous, ever vital Cuckoo Song, rhyme has already its English associations complete:

Sumer is icumen in,  
Lhude sing cuccu!  
Groweth sed and bloweth med,  
And springth the wude nu.

Awe bleteth after lomb,  
Lhouth after calve cu;  
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,  
Murie sing cuccu!

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu ;  
 Ne swike thu never nu ;  
 Sing cuccu nu, sing cuccu nu,  
 Sing cuccu, sing cuccu.

The joyous emphasis on obvious accents in this—gróweth séd and blóweth méd—is something inconceivable in French, and is so distinctive as to enable us to reconstruct the third verse in what must surely have been its original literary form. Curiously enough, these strong accents suffice at once, in spite of the abundance of rhymes poured out upon us, to show up the insufficiency of identity rhyme in such a setting, and the one point of weakness in the song is the *cu cuccu* collocation.

From first to last, when rhyme is most completely joyous in our poetry, we feel in it this frank co-operation with the accent. Perhaps it is not consistent with the *abandon* of natural gaiety to measure and balance its expression too nicely. At any rate, in those of our poets whose music is pure enough to swing with the measure, rhyme attains to an ease and merri-ment unique in their kind. The effect is common in Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, but nowhere more perfect than in Burns :

O my love's like a red, red rose  
 That's newly sprung in June,  
 O my love's like the melody  
 That's sweetly played in tune.

One rhyme holds the whole stanza, if it be not more proper to say that every syllable of the first distich has its rhyme in the second ! and the descent from 'red, red rose' to the quiet 'melody', just where an obvious echo might have been expected, is the loveliest of many lovely features.

To speak more generally ; the conditions of English rhyme are those provided by a language in which the rhythmical tendency is strongly accentual : in which therefore, since accent is the backbone of all rhythm, rhyme will frequently be called upon to enforce stresses which are already strong enough without it, and will run the risk of competing in a series of stresses and of claiming the first and most conspicuous place, when modesty and self-effacement would be more



valuable traits. The art of versification in English might almost be summed up in the one word—compensation. How are the accents to be prevented from communicating and accumulating their influence like waves, and heaping themselves up into a monotonous and unbearable lilt? In blank verse the poet constantly breaks and reverses his rhythmical movement to prevent this; and, with the same end in view, when he is rhyming, he relieves his rhyme by approximations and conventional equivalents. Of course, in one sense, poetry, like all art, and English poetry with the rest, is absolute. There is no room in it for lukewarmness, for what is neither right nor wrong; the uncontributive, unsympathetic touch reveals itself immediately. Our poetry repels the absolutism of rule not on the ground of its absolutism, but on the ground of its irrelevance. The only relevant rule is that the artist must in every work suit his means to his end, and in English poetry the possibilities before him are so rich that theory cannot foresee and allow for them. More than this, theory recognizes qualities in the language and the rhythm which are peculiarly unfavourable to rules. For the power of English poetry is its combination of breadth and elusiveness arising out of its simplicity. The structural foundations are obvious, and they present an almost illimitable field for the moulding and modulating of individual taste.

So in regard to rhyme: since it is readily dispensed with, its function where it is employed has more of grace and less of obligation than in a language where it is essential to the rhythm, like French. Again, since there are forms and conditions which dispense with it, there will be other forms, other conditions, in which its employment will be more or less optional; at least, it will not, whenever it is employed, have an equal structural burden laid upon it; its structural contribution will be a varying quantity. True rhyme in English requires of course a perfect vowel echo just as much as a perfect consonantal echo (where a consonant is involved). There is no more rhyme between *love* and *move* than between *move* and *lose* or *lend* and *mind*. But whereas our pronunciation of our consonants is more or less fixed, our

pronunciation of our vowels has always been fluctuating; and, as a consequence, words that are spelt similarly but pronounced differently can always be supposed to have been at one time pronounced alike. Whatever the reason, words to which this supposition can be extended are always held to rhyme together, unless some marked consonantal divergence has arisen between them, as in *rough* and *plough*. There is also a disposition to allow that words which rhyme with the same word rhyme with one another, as *sigh* and *jollity* both rhyming with *cry*. But this only holds under limitations, for *sigh* and *tree*, both allowed with *jollity*, would not be allowed together. Of course, in all these cases, true rhyme does not exist; but the poet knows when substitutes can be used effectively. There are poems in which the ear seeks out every rhyme and lies in wait for it, so that it could not afford to lose one perfect echo. But such an attitude is never long sustained. The normal virtues of English rhyme are ease and unobtrusiveness. It can be either of the foreground or the background, but is more usually of the middle distance, and some general mutual accommodation is always found between rhyme, rhythm, and meaning.

As an example of the 'middle-distance' rhyming which is characteristic of our poetry, we may cite Wordsworth in practically the whole of his lyrical work. Wordsworth's command of language was remarkable; few poets can ever have been less hampered than he was by limitations in their vocabulary; at the same time there is little in his composition to suggest that he was much influenced or stimulated by beauty of pure sound. Occasionally, when a breath of pure music from him greatly moves us, as in that

Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides . . .

our emotion is due in part to our surprise, as the voice of the cuckoo itself seems lovelier when we more seldom hear it. Yet, in his simpler lyrics and ballads, Wordsworth's rhyming instinct is often exquisitely true. He contrives, that is, however simple the thought he is expressing, to rhyme with

equivalent simplicity. Occasionally, no doubt, we find such a stanza as

My days, my friend, are almost gone,  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me; but by none  
Am I enough beloved.

where phrase and rhythm are both flattened for the sake of a *cliché*. But we also find passages where rhymes which seem to stand on their ingenuousness actually reinforce or even determine the poetic content. Such is

She lived unknown; and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be.  
But she is in her grave; and oh!  
The difference to me.

The word *difference* is usually emphasized when this is read, and we dream of the poetry of the commonplace. But, in fact, it is the right word because it is not prominent; the thought is 'to others her death is nothing; only to one person does it make any difference—to me', and the stanza lives by virtue of this nuance, indicated through the rhyme.

It is part of the price we pay for the many-sidedness of our poetry that effects like these too easily escape us. Rhyme being often a conventional accompaniment, we are apt to forget that it is ever anything more. We adopt a casual attitude towards rhyme and suppose that a poet can do the same. Yet if we take such a work as the Ode *Intimations of Immortality*, and examine the part rhyme plays in it, we shall quickly see that its points of weakness are all but infallibly associated with, if not traceable to, defective rhyming. The most conspicuous instance is in the opening of the fourth stanza, the whole of which impresses us as a courageous attempt to throw a bridge between the slightly boisterous expansiveness of the initial May motive and the deeper meditations that are to come. It is here that we are teased by the indeterminate *festival* and *coronal*, and afflicted by the impossible *sullen* and *culling*. There is indeed so much rough and tumble of sound that the rhymeless line

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear

passes unperceived, utterly different in this from

Heaven lies about us in our infancy,

which, in a stanza where the rhymes, whether real or conventional, are throughout perfectly in tune, is isolated with effect. In only one other passage of the Ode does rhyme protrude:

Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy;

and here the suggestion it gives of some sort of enmity between *joy* and *boy* cannot be true to the meaning, after what the poet has just said of the happiness of children. What is meant then? All we know is that the flow of the verse is broken by a crushing jingle and that beauty of sound and coherence of poetical intention have disappeared together.

Milton's early poems are our best examples of foreground rhyme. English assumes in him an Italian richness of vowel music. Familiar words which others use tonelessly are by him placed and combined so cunningly that their concealed harmonics ring out. We feel a quality of potential rhyme in every passing syllable, those in which rhyme is actualized seeming to cast their influence backward and forward over the whole:

By scaly Triton's winding shell  
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,  
By Leucothea's lovely hands  
And her son that rules the strands,  
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet  
And the songs of Sirens sweet,  
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb  
And fair Ligaea's golden comb . . .

The peculiar quality of beauty in this lyrical music may be illustrated by an analogy from music itself. From very early times composers had at their disposal a number of different instruments, stringed instruments, wind instruments, instruments of wood and brass; but only late in the development of musical perception did it occur to them that the flavour of

each instrument must be separately reckoned with if the best effects were to be obtained from combining them. Into the general onward flow of symphonic thought in a movement, which we might compare in a poem to the meaning and the prosodic pattern, there was thus introduced the sense of tone-colour as it is called, the value of which lay in its reminder that each musical sound had, in its immediate appeal to the ear, a meaning of its own and could only be perfectly related to other sounds when that meaning was brought out. Exactly the same thing is true of words considered as a vehicle for poetry. They have their meaning as the dictionary explains it, and by this the poet himself is bound; they have also their rhythm, and poetry, by the manipulation of this rhythm, intensifies and translates the meaning of the words so as to exhibit them as in a new element. Then, in addition to their meaning and their rhythm, they have their tone colour, their quality as musical sounds. Of this many of our poets remain permanently unaware, and few use it in composition with sustained effect. Milton is, of course, *facile princeps*; though his genius in its breadth of outline can be compared only to Handel's among musicians, for the kind of pleasure he gives us in his lyrics we have to wait in music for Mozart or Schubert.

Moreover, when we hear it as we hear it in his work, and in a lesser degree in the work of Spenser or of Keats or of Tennyson, we are made aware that this alone is rhyming in the fullest sense, alone, that is, reveals to us the musical possibilities of our language. One reason why rhyme in English appears so often as a more or less adventitious ornament, is that we pay normally so little attention to the tone-values of our speech and are so negligent of its beauty. No language more readily submits to vulgarization than ours, stretched as it is to the four corners of the world on a rack of continuous torment. Yet we cannot read such a melody as Tennyson's

Where Claribel low lieth,

or the better known horn solo in *The Princess*:

The splendour falls on castle walls

without conscious delight in the sound of each word and even of each syllable, while in 'Tears, idle tears' the same effect is so subtly given that we have the satisfaction of rhyme and even the illusion of it in a blank verse stanza. In the works of Tennyson, however, this full resonance is only occasional, and in assuming command of it he is apt to lose command of more important things. After Milton, Spenser is perhaps the only English poet who can give to any and every theme its poetry and its melody combined, and make us feel that our language itself has become beautiful, has become musical, with just that quality of beauty and of music required for the embodiment of the thought.

Before we leave these analogies, a word is due to a lesser virtue in a lesser poet's works, a virtue which is perhaps traceable to his general instinct for style, but which is manifested in his rhymes very clearly and through them seems to permeate the texture of his verse. The English of Matthew Arnold's poetry is the English we all speak, but its simple melodies are played on an instrument of fresh, cool, bell-like calibre which none of our other singers seems to have touched. The purity of his diction is part of the charm, and with it that sensitiveness to form which led him, whenever he used rhyme, to draw from its echo some gift of savour as well as of music, as the French would have us do. But, over and above these things, and working sympathetically with them, he had the scrupulous and attentive ear which measures every sound and loves to hear the note ring true. His rhythm, one must admit, is uncertain at times or even awkward, and, following his bent, he could fall into an excessive aptness :

But each day brings its petty dust  
Our soon-choked souls to fill,  
And we forget because we must  
And not because we will . . .

but, taking his work as a whole, we cannot be too grateful to him for its constant beauty of clear tone.

And let us mention still one other instrumentalist, one other poet on whose lips our language is transformed by a persistent attention to tone-colour, transformed but not in

this case clarified, endowed rather with an exotic mystery, a laborious sweetness. The qualities of D. G. Rossetti's style find their climax in his rhyming system; to taste that sultry flavour so peculiar to his imagination, one has but to turn over a few pages of his verse and read the rhyme endings: bring, guerdoning; soul, aureole; thereon, halcyon; feathers, hers; trees, glimpses . . . He not only has his own rhyming vocabulary, he has also his own rhyming pronunciation, he plays the music of our language on an imported instrument. Of his performances on that instrument it is superfluous to say, what is so generally felt, that their intense beauty is of the kind that soonest palls. What we have here to note is that the rhyme is of one piece with the rest, and that its prevailing richness cloyes more than it need have done because of the prominence of certain favourite indolences, -of, love; -ell, -ble; particularly.

This brings us back to a point in Milton. He too is rich; but the strong resonance of his vowels does not turn on any unfailing accuracy of the rhyme-echo. In many of his most beautiful rhymes, the delight comes of an approximation, a relief; and curiously enough, in his song to Echo, having first delicately attuned the ear by alternating the sounds -ell and -ale, he concludes with a succession of four couplets in which the rhyme is merely consonantal.

There is, of course, danger in quoting from early poets to illustrate the gradations of happy discord which our rhyme allows, for we cannot be certain what nuance of pronunciation may have been in vogue. Effects which delight us now may be the gift of time rather than the intention of the poet and we may be stumbled by disparities of our own making. Yet it is now and may be supposed to have been always a quality of English rhyme, not merely to get relief by a kind of inattention, but to bring misses into prominence, when an imperfect echo has, for some peculiar reason, greater value than a perfect one. A perception of this wide adaptability in our language led Mr. Wilfrid Owen to adopt lately for his war poems a convention of rhyme which excluded vowel-echo altogether and expressed the raw pitilessness of a military

atmosphere by consonantal identities, falling at the ends of the lines like dull hammer thuds :

Let the boy try along this bayonet-*blade*  
How cold steel is, and keen with hunger of *blood* . . .

A different and more extreme refusal is seen in the beautiful lament for Sir Philip Sidney set to music by William Byrd :

Come to me, grief, for ever ;  
Come to me, tears, day and night ;  
Come to me, plaint, ah, helpless ;  
Just grief, heart tears, plaint worthy.

This is the first of four stanzas all of them so framed as to arouse vividly the expectation of rhyme, which line after line nevertheless disappoints, until, passing from the world's desolation to thoughts of Sidney himself, we have

Dead ; no, no, but renownèd,  
With the Anointed onèd ;  
Honour on earth at his feet,  
Bliss everlasting his seat . . .

where the first pair of rhymes, in its difficulty, translates us, and the second, in its ease, seems to assure us of the very bliss of which it speaks.

These are extreme cases of a tendency with which we are more familiar at the stage of suggestion. When Milton writes

And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,

he spells 'breathe' 'breath' and we cannot be sure that he intends the softened palatal which in our ear lends the rhyme its almost coaxing charm ; but when Keats gives us

to set budding more  
And still more later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease . . .

there is no doubt about his intention ; all the languor of Autumn envelops us and its honey fills our mouths. Still more miraculous is his



Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter, therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;  
Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared  
Pipe to the Spirit ditties of no tone :

for here both the rhymes, missing exquisitely, put our hearing as it were beside itself, as the pass of a mesmerist might do, and the toneless ditties haunt us as we read.

Chaucer showed from the first what virtue rhyme possesses in English for the various moulding of stanza form ; but he is a narrative rather than a contemplative poet, and, broadly speaking, the genius of narrative is progression while that of rhyme is rest. It is upon the contemplative poet, therefore, that rhyme showers its richest gifts, who, accepting movement if he must, holds our delighted attention upon all the objects that pass before it, so that we leave them behind us with regret. Such a poet above all is Spenser ; his great stanza is an inexhaustible treasure for rhyme-lovers and we might easily have given it all our space. It is perhaps describable in musical metaphor as a four-line melody, with repeat and coda. The two quatrains into which it divides are unified by a common rhyme and, by the position given to that rhyme in each case, are, as it were, set back to back ; then, by the device of suspension, by the postponement of the rhyme in the ninth line and the changed curve of the melody leading up to it, a clinch is given to the apposition of the quatrains so that they are not only fitted but fixed together, and the stanza becomes an indivisible whole.

Part of the magic of Spenser's rhyme comes of the fluidity of the language in his day, and there is a quality of light-heartedness in the Elizabethan lyric generally which may be referred to the same cause. When once the forms of a language and its vocabulary have been determined, there is no escape from the fact that every rhyme is in the dictionary ; so that at the end of each line, as soon as the rhyming word is given, we know exactly within what limits the poet has to move in his choice of a fellow to it. If he has said 'anguish' or 'impart', it may even be our inclination to beg him not to proceed, so little do we care for sentiments that we can foresee.

Spenser and other Elizabethan poets less conspicuously avoid this shadow of confinement by moulding the language to suit the conveniences of their verse, and their rhyme has often the effect of an extempore creation. The great gain in freshness which thus falls to them is not entirely without its drawbacks, but it enables us to recognize how much quality of rhyme in a language depends on accidents of vocabulary. When the choice of rhymes is wide, half our pleasure comes of their spontaneousness; the greater the difficulty of rhyming, the more attention we pay to the management of the rhyme and the less to the rhyme itself. Comparing the English of to-day with that of the Elizabethans, we can feel its restrictions and recognize that certain rhymes are exhausted; comparing it with French, we see that our attitude to rhyme is still governed by an illusion of liberty. The toleration of *cliché* by the great French dramatists is in our ears strange to grotesqueness; we have not learned, as has the French reader, to appreciate how, by the turn of the phrase, a modulation of the rhythm, familiar harmonies may be made new.

A word or two must be said in regard to the principles on which stanza forms are built up. As we have seen, the repetition of a similar sound at the end of successive lines has the effect of binding them closely together, and leads us to look for some corresponding affinity in the thought and feeling they convey. When Blake writes

While Virtue is our walking staff  
And Truth a lantern to our path,  
We can abide life's pelting storm  
Which makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm;

we feel the thought and the form driving us with equal vigour in opposite directions and recognize with difficulty that the quaking of our limbs and the warmth of our hearts have nothing to do with one another. On the other hand, in such lines as

That miracle of face must fail,  
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail;  
Swift as the short-lived flower they fly,  
At morn they bloom, at evening die . . .

our problem is to decide which is more obvious and inevitable, the sound or the sense. The same may be said of a great part of the verse of the eighteenth century, a time when the formalities of structure were accurately seen and severely respected. The couplet was in high favour, its second line echoing the first in sense and sound or else according to the thought some other simple relation of contrast or fulfilment; and these effects were shown with special clearness in the epigram and other light forms, often so constructed as to suggest in the first line the loading of a pistol and in the second its discharge. When all is said, the couplet remains what it was then seen to be, a whole, isolated as well as unified by its rhyme.

To extend its scope and to produce a stanza, we may either increase the length of our rhyming lines, as is done for example in the common ballad metre (a couplet of fourteeners), or introduce between them a line which rhymes with neither but requires for the completion of the harmony a further line to rhyme with itself. When we hear the words

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear—

they may, for aught their form has told us, belong to a blank verse poem (though, with their evident disposition to lean on the final syllable, they would be of poor quality as blank verse). But, as soon as the next line

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
reaches us, we anticipate the close, and the words

And waste its sweetness on the desert air

are a logical necessity, perfect like the conclusion of a well-framed syllogism.

Most of the constructive virtue of rhyme depends on the poet's fluctuating responses to his reader's awakened sensibility. The pattern of a poem is unrolled in time, and its composer's most natural and most regular response to our anticipations is simply to satisfy them. But, this achieved,

he may still foster or quicken our hopes by countless subtle devices of surprise, postponement, substitution or refusal. The scope of the stanza is ultimately limited only by the reader's faculty to combine together a series of such aesthetic vicissitudes and by the poet's power to embody successive ideas in one shape in constant correspondence with them. For every stanza has, of course, its independent tone or meaning; it is a vessel into which the words are poured, the points of emphasis, the high lights of its contour, being indicated by the rhymes. The art of the poet is to set the meaning of the words and the meaning of the stanza in a beautiful and significant relation, so that we feel the one to have been made for the other. The varieties of stanza form obtainable by variously interweaving the rhyming lines and by the lengthening or shortening of specific members are legion; we must be content to illustrate one further structural feature. We saw an effect of rhyme postponement in the last line of the Spenserian stanza; we take an effect of anticipation from Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*. The atmosphere of the Ode is that of the fragrant midsummer pomp, heavy with its own rich verdure, oppressive to our sense in the passion and persistence of its unfolding life. The danger of such an atmosphere is that it is soporific and tends to blunt those very perceptions which we must keep keen if we are to continue to enjoy it. The poet has to find some means of continually reviving us:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
 She stood in tears among the alien corn;  
     *The same that oft-times hath*  
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

By the time this seventh stanza is reached, the clip of the short line has lost its direct awakening emphasis; yet it retains its influence as a foil to the conclusion of the stanza, and we may be sure that Keats intended it in that sense; for the expression 'found a path through the sad heart of Ruth' was clearly invented for the sake of the rhyme with 'hath',

and the seeming unobtrusiveness of the short line is therefore deliberate. Its original virtue was prominence

In some melodious *plot* . . .

For that very reason it is afterwards most effective when it is withdrawn, as in music a very soft passage when we expect a loud one. All through the poem it intensifies by a moment of interruption the rapt melodious onflow of the verse.

The stanza yields frequently in English rhyming verse to the paragraph, in which the incidence of the rhymes and the length of line they carry remain completely at the discretion of the poet, as we see also in French in La Fontaine's Fables and elsewhere. The same principles that produce the stanza are still at work in this freer composition; only the form of the poem, instead of being determined in general relation to the tone—to the degree, quality, and character of emotion it is to embody—is responsive as it proceeds to the fluctuations of the thought and can change its rhythm and melody to suit them. This would seem, at first sight, an ideal poetic medium. The poet moulds his music directly upon his meaning, with effects no reader can foresee, since each belongs only to the circumstances which have produced it. In point of fact, such an accession of liberty is apt to prove a snare. There are of course supreme exceptions like *Lycidas*; but generally speaking this unfettered style is more difficult to handle in English than in French, while even in French few but La Fontaine have used it with unqualified success. The reason is a simple one; it is easier to do well in difficult circumstances than, with all difficulties removed, to produce a perfect work; for the difficulties themselves give a direction. Without them the artist must be wholly true to himself in every moment of his creation: an ideal to which few attain. Much has been written of the technique of *Lycidas*, of the beauty of the unrhyming lines and of the varied length of the paragraphs. Yet all these incidental attributes strike us as works of unconsciousness where Milton is concerned, and we could almost believe that it would have been news to him

to learn that his rhyme was irregular. *Lycidas* is like a welling spring of pure water, its form determined by its inherent power, its rhyme its transparency ; and whether there be here or there a pretty pebble in the current or a waterweed or a curve in the bank is interesting but unimportant. The irregularities have their subsidiary value, all the essentials of artistic composition being presumed. On the whole, our language and our literary traditions lean to the informal, and we may be glad they do so ; for the stronghold of poetry is the poetical idea, the belief that the world of poetry is the real world. Yet just because the English poet inclines to be less conscious of his form than of his thought, he is strengthened in his art when he accepts restrictions ; and this applies particularly to the use of rhyme, because, as we have seen, rhyme occupies in our poetry so subordinate a place, and is therefore so liable to escape notice unless an external reminder is brought in. Few experiences of the reader of poetry are more painful than those he suffers from the uncertain rhymers. Meredith sins conspicuously in this respect and has spoiled a great theme, in *A Faith on Trial*, by treating rhyme as a convenience, the one thing it never can be :

She is the world's one prize ;  
Our champion rightfully head ;  
The vessel whose piloted prow  
Though folly froth round, hiss and hoot,  
Leaves legible print at the keel.  
Nor least is the service she does,  
That service to her may cleanse  
The well of the sorrows in us . . .

This is part of an address to Reason, clearly not conceived in that aspect of her divinity to which rhyme is akin ; but then Meredith never found rhyme thoroughly congenial, and even thought that *mighty* rhymed with *Aphrodite*.

The delicacies and intricacies of the subject are inexhaustible. Rhyme is of the vital texture of poetry, though in its extreme sensitiveness it has a seemingly detachable beauty, like the bloom on fresh, ripe fruit. To every language that employs it, it lends a different grace, and to none has it been

more lavish than to our own. We see it elsewhere more sublime, more delicately poised or more appealing, nowhere so joyous, so tranquil, or so companionable ; and it has a peculiar value with us for the very reason that our sense of the poetic context is unusually comprehensive. We cannot rest content with a poet who is a musician and nothing more, our language not having those qualities which would enable the virtuoso to impose upon us. To whom then shall we turn in closing, if not to our present laureate, a model of melody heard and subordinated, in the spirit which great English work demands? In greatness many have surpassed him, but few have combined the ingredients of poetry in a happier proportion than has he. He has always loved the language for its own sake, and tried to win the public over, so that, becoming listeners first, they might afterwards be guardians of its beauty. Rhyme appeals to that more sensitive attention which he would awaken, and can the more perfectly educate it through English poetry, because the ear is not for us the only or the final arbiter.

B. DE SELINCOURT.

## WORDS AND MUSIC IN SONG

THE subject of this paper was chosen as providing common ground on which musician and layman might meet and converse on matters of interest to both. It is a subject which abounds in detail and bears uneasily the yoke of principles. For song is a free thing, whether we approach it from the side of words or of music. It withers in the chill of an imperative. It begins in a sigh and ends in a puff. To pin it to a cork and put it in a collection is to miss its chief glory—its tenuous flight; but perhaps we may be allowed to catch specimens, admire them and let them go again.

If we do that it will be good to have an orderly method. We shall notice first, then, how words and tones together form the language of personality; for the singer, if he is not a 'person', is nothing. When, in history, he begins to sing, he rates words highest. Presently, he hardly knows whether the words or the tune count for most. Finally, the music carries for him all before it. This advance has corresponded vaguely with a musical growth through 'mode' and 'key' to something which we will call 'emancipation'—licence which we hope will become liberty; the centre of gravity has also been gradually shifted from the voice-part to the accompaniment. The advance also synchronized to some extent with a development of the subject-matter from epic and religious narrative through drama, or 'situation with a plot', to the detached, close-packed, specialized lyric.

In the classical period the two arts met on equal terms. The advent of key made the chorus possible, and the technique, thus acquired, consolidated song. Music, when it weds words in song, has several problems to solve. Granted that in a sense it can express what the words say, does it do so when they are saying it, or before, or after? About their different methods poet and composer have a mild quarrel; and there



are other difficult moments—uneven texture, parenthesis, the beginning and end of the song, its climax. What are we to think of songs where the words are inaudible, or in a foreign language? Should we translate this language? What about the liturgical use of song? What, if we could have them, would make the best subjects for song? Of all these problems there is hardly one over which the singer's personality will not, in the last resort, triumph.

It has been shown<sup>1</sup> that the Chaldeans—say, two hundred generations ago—knew how to tune the seven-stringed harp on a plan which would have made satisfactory music up to the time of the Greeks; and it is obvious that the voice preceded any instrument. We are never likely, therefore, to know how song began; and Lucretius may be as right when he says<sup>2</sup> it came from distinguishing and imitating birds' cries, as Darwin when he finds it to be an expression of courtship,<sup>3</sup> or as Herbert Spencer when he sees it depend, for its power to communicate, on the likelihood that one whose muscles react to the stimulus of feeling will argue to another's feeling from the reaction of his muscles. Or may not all three be equally right? For the tones of song distinguish, express and communicate feeling just as much as its words distinguish, express and communicate thought; and 'the emotions are as much a part of us as the understanding'.<sup>4</sup>

Both are languages. But the language of words is more articulate, and the language of tones more truthful. Yet tones do, on occasion, distinguish, express and communicate with commendable precision. We should distinguish the sound of the bails at the fall of a wicket if we heard it in the middle of the Sahara; the inflexions of a voice often express more, especially to a child or a woman, than the words they modulate; and the horse responds to the communication of

<sup>1</sup> *The Mystery of the Kingdom*, by C. E. Douglas, 1915, pp. 89–92.

<sup>2</sup> *De rerum Nat.* v. 1376.

<sup>3</sup> *Descent of Man*, p. 572.

<sup>4</sup> Buckle, *Hist. of Civilization*,<sup>iii</sup>. 378.

the trumpet as much now as in the time of Job. And words can utter the deepest truths ; they do so in poetry. Yet, for the purpose of song, it is best when tones and words do not usurp each other's characteristics but rely each on their own—when the voice-part forgoes the extreme precision of sound as it is in Nature, and the word-text renounces the highest flights of poetry—when words only borrow the universality of tones and tones the particularity of words.

Again, the language of words is familiar to all ; the language of tones is habitual to few. Humanity speaks and writes words a hundred times, and musical humanity ten times, for once that it sings or plays or writes tones. Hence musicians are sometimes mistaken for demigods, because they have advanced ten times as far as others on a path in which humanity is strangely interested. They are sometimes opinionated, because they have each climbed a different and a peculiar tree, and it is harder for them to come down and climb another than for the spectator to pick up the apples that drop from both. They are sometimes unpractical, since they acquire mastery only by concentration, which involves some inattention to other aspects of life. And they are sometimes sincere, for they spend their lives knocking at the door of τὸ τί ἦν εἶναι and are occasionally admitted into the presence.

If we cannot, for lack of evidence, imagine what the first song sounded like, we have a good substitute for distance of time in remoteness of place ; and, among several things which are of technical interest to the musician, we find in secluded valleys or outlying islands or inaccessible deserts one trait which illuminates our present topic. In such places it has often been observed that the words and the music are held to belong to the singer as his right, that the infringement of this right is visited with death (later, perhaps, only with taboo), or that the right may be bought of him (but only by his son) with a gift of much tobacco. Words and music combined are an effluence from a 'person'. He uses their joint power as

a spell or a philtre or a medicine. His power may leave him; or the inefficacy of the song may be a just cause of complaint against the man from whom he acquired it.

It is worth while to notice this early conception of song as entirely personal to one man, because song as we know it is the joint work of many. It combines the labour of the composer, the singer, the poet, the accompanist and the instrument-maker, and to these may come to be added the ministrations of the translator and the publisher, possibly also of the lawyer, the concert agent, the hall manager, the costumier and the phonographer. The number of persons engaged in conveying the song to the man into whom, as the Chippewas put it, 'spirit' is to be 'shot' has largely circumscribed the singer's personality. Moreover there are two other multiplicities. There are, nowadays, so many song-writers that a real composer has no time to grow; before he has matured his style, some one else has imitated it. And there are so many singers that he can no longer write, as Handel and Mozart did, for a particular voice. Song has therefore meant different things at different times, and this increases the difficulty of distinguishing its accidents from its essentials. On the other hand, though the song involves many persons, the singer's own personality can bring itself more directly to bear, and the song, if it has lost some concrete beauties, has gained first in focus and then in power of suggestion.

Concurrently with this specialization of the personalities involved in a song, we notice a decrease in the importance of the words as compared with the music. To the folk-singer, as we watch him through the centuries and countries, the words are everything. He is hardly aware of anything we should call 'the' tune, though he is extremely watchful of his 'mode'.<sup>1</sup> He can seldom, if ever, repeat on request a phrase of

<sup>1</sup> Mode is a technical term, no doubt, but the underlying idea is quite familiar. People follow the 'fashion' in dress, as a kind of protective colouring, to avoid the mordant comment that chastises eccentricity. Others again desire to emphasize their own individuality, and so make use of fashion as a background against which their eccentricity may

his music without recalling the words; even with the words, he seldom sings the music quite in the same way twice. If we were to sing his song over to him, changing the order of its several strains, or of the phrases in the strain, or of the notes in the phrase, he might not object; because, at any rate, we had not altered his mode. But if we made an F natural into an F sharp, he would have none of it; for when his mode is gone he has no principle of unity left. At this stage the words of the *mantra* and the *carmen* are the important thing; the chant is only the symbol of their authority. When a Hindu sits at his door and sings his newspaper, it is to convince himself of its authoritative nature, not to regale either himself or any passer-by.

'Tune' comes with the advent of 'key'. Mode was a matter of one note being higher or lower than (or the same as) its predecessor. 'Key' is an apparatus for transplanting a whole phrase (or strain, or section, or movement) to a higher or lower pitch, so that it shall be recognized for what it was, only now in an exalted or depressed condition. Mode could not do this.<sup>1</sup> The change is analogous to thinking in another dimension. It gives the musician the same sort of power of seeing things grouped that perspective gives to the painter. With key, the slightest alteration in order (as well as pitch) of note or phrase is at once felt; the tune is now 'this tune', and not another. And 'this tune' can now go to 'these words', and to no other. The tune recalls the words and the words the tune, quite equally. That is 'tune' as we know it in 'classical' music, linked to the words (or the situation) first by expression and afterwards by association, a precise entity,

stand out. But before there was a fashion (or mode) they could not make their own individuality (or tune) tell.

<sup>1</sup> This needs explanation. 'The wraggle-taggle gipsies' is in a definite mode (Aeolian) and has a very distinct 'tune' (which we have said is only possible with 'key'). But all the modes we hear in these islands, and in most parts of Europe, are well advanced towards key: they all recognize the 'octave', for instance, as a definite musical moment. We have no conception, here, of the distance which separates, musically, the ritual songs of the Murray islanders from the music of the *samiven*-players in Tokyo, and that from the Gregorian Tone.

giving to the words as much as it takes from them, underlining what they hold of grief—

BACH, *B Minor Mass*.

Cru - ci - fi - xus



Cru - ci - fi - xus

or of joy—



Et re-sur-re - xit, re-sur-re - xit

typically, by a slow descending or a quick ascending phrase.

We may say, then, that key takes the diffuseness of mode and makes it more intense. What is the next step? In what way does key give up its nature and become something else? That is a process which has been latent, which we are only beginning to define, and for which we have as yet no convenient name. It began perhaps—if such things can be said to have a beginning—when Beethoven blunted into a new key at the beginning of the 'Appassionata' without warning, when he made one key overlap another at the re-entry in the 'Eroica', or when he ran two keys concurrently with his horns in the 'Pastoral' Symphony. The experiments which we are watching nowadays are short and ever shorter cuts to the same goal. The frontal attack is conducted by Stravinsky. He writes not a sentence (like Beethoven) but a paragraph in two simultaneous keys. At first, it seems impossible that this can be music; but the ear can adapt itself to any combination when once it has a clue. The flank attacks are more deadly. Debussy explored the dissonance of the tone, as Ravel explores that of the semitone; the latter retains key as his principle of unity, but does something to extend its meaning; the former not seldom discarded key, and substituted the drone bass. A more powerful diversion is led by Schönberg and Bela Bartok; of whose company also was Scriabin. They exploit the dissonance of the 'Fourth', and ask us to accept the chords they build with its help as points of repose, instead of

those we were accustomed to, which were based on the 'Third'. Such disturbance or obscuration of the point of repose blurs or even negates key. Its effect on the art of music is similar to that at which Lasker aimed in his art when, after his numerous draws with Capabianca, he proposed to alter the rules of chess. Twenty years ago musicians were complaining that all the possibilities of the diatonic scale were exhausted. The stage reached by the present generation is that the classical conventions have been abrogated, never to be re-enacted in their original form, and that the many new conventions are the subject of hot debate.

In fact, with mode, the note (pitch and duration) was the unit; with key, the chord, i. e. the note with its colouring; and now that key is going or has gone, the note with its context, i. e. the note as potentially the centre of more than one chord. With the centre of interest perpetually tossed about from one part of the chord-texture to another, we can hardly call any one part 'the' melody; and as a result we have a mosaic of melodies instead of bold lines of melody. So the 'atmospheric' song arises, in which words are declaimed while the musical interest lies elsewhere. A disadvantage of this is that the words are no longer made memorable by some chosen musical phrase, and that the singer seems therefore to be, as it were, outside instead of inside his song. Such music affects also the choice of words. This rather impersonal declamation is better suited to description than to action, to the discussion of a passion rather than to the experiencing it; it may excite and satisfy curiosity, but it seldom sends a shiver down the spine. An advantage is that the notes and phrases given to the singer can always be those best suited to the particular words he has to say, and that his words stand out better from a neutral-tinted, a 'heather-mixture' background. The appeal of such a song is, moreover, to the musician rather than to the singer in the executant; the demand it makes is less for vocal display or dexterity than for just sentiment and true musical insight.

These three stages—'mode', 'key', and what we may call

for the moment 'emancipation'—exhibit increasing differentiation of knowledge (like the broad historical divisions of poetry) into religious and epic, situation with a plot (drama), and the highly specialized lyric. Under the sway of the mode the subject-matter of song was tinged with religion; that atmosphere spread indifferently over the ballad, the love-song, and the lullaby, in which the words had usually mystical reference, and cause and effect moved in the region of the supernatural. The music also is often indistinguishable from liturgical chant. The song of question and answer, a forerunner of drama, was perhaps the first step in the direction of individual style. This would naturally have brought in its train choral singing, but a melodic people is slow to learn that. (Two voices in unison sound distinctly worse than a solo voice. Two in octaves implies a man and a woman, and the social position of women did not always call for this. Two at the 'Fifth' or 'Fourth', the next best intervals, involves a musical problem which only time could solve.) The most that music could do to differentiate emotions was to be in the 'mode' or the 'fashion' of a particular tribe or of a famous singer;<sup>1</sup> but, inside that mode, one song was very much like another. Music thus handed down from father to son may, without much stretching of the word, be called epic.

Then, skipping 'key', if we look on to the period of 'emancipation', we find music not only taking charge and dictating the style, but becoming mainly lyrical in feeling. Instead of Gluck's and Rameau's mythology and Méhul's, Rossini's, Mozart's drama, we have Wagner's passionate lyrical moments. It is true he chooses mythological subjects; yet his characters do not live in drama, but in an unreal mist, and since the situations come without their help, they might almost as well not be there. The orchestra does it all, and causes the character and what he says to take, chameleon-like, any colour the music gives. The step from this to the symphonic poem, a series of lyrical episodes, is a short one. Meantime we have grown weary of the logical framework of oratorio, and

<sup>1</sup> The last relic of this is perhaps to be found in the names of tunes which Béranger prefixed to his songs.

impatient of the orderly sequence of the cantata; and, if words are to be sung at all, they must be lyrical outbursts of sirens (on 'Ah!') in the middle of an orchestral piece, or humming choruses (with closed and half-closed mouths), if not merry Colonials singing (at the composer's suggestion) 'Pa-Ta-Ba'. The song itself is, as we have seen, tending to become a lyrical pianoforte piece to which the voice recites a lyrical poem on notes which do not disturb, but do not determine its flow.

Even before Wagner's time, but certainly since, few songs claiming to be in the van of musical thought have been written in which the accompaniment is not more important than the vocal line: that is to say the tones differentiate and determine the situation more than the words do. It is a common error to suppose that the melody makes the song and the chords support it—that the tune is one thing and the 'music', as it is innocently called, another. But there is no aesthetic basis for harmony apart from the strands of melody which compose it—and there are potentially as many melodies as there are simultaneous notes. On the other hand, the harmony is at all times dictating the form the melody shall take; a Chinese tune, which is unharmonized, is structurally very different from a Gregorian tone, and that from a Handelian melody and from a twentieth-century theme. An accompaniment is not, therefore, an adjunct to a song, added as the boy said the second godfather was, 'because it made it a sweller thing', but tends more and more to carry the emotion, and to make the voice the mere vehicle of the words. The centre of gravity has been shifting rapidly in this direction of late, and the song has become a pianoforte composition with voice *obbligato*. With this, we have travelled a long way from the song which 'shot spirit', from the moonlight serenade, and the mother's foot on the rocker of the cradle while her fingers are busy knitting tiny socks. It is necessary now to wheel a grand piano among the flower-beds, or through the narrow cottage door. In a word, with this declamatory style, song is parting company with plain human



interest and feeling, at least in the hands of the advanced composer. The output is as great as ever, but the cleavage between the human and the intellectual conception greater. The 'intellectual' song attracts the inferior singer; for it is far easier to sing phrases which build no particular melody. They set no difficult vocal problems when they may be sung as you please without affecting the main current of the song, which flows elsewhere. Song—music *and* words—will come back again, though we cannot yet see in what form.

As to this encroachment of the pianoforte on the singer's territory, there are one or two things to remember. It may be admitted that if any instrument is to be allowed to dispute the hegemony of the voice, the limited monarchy of the orchestra and the enlightened democracy of the string quartet are less appropriate than the untrammelled tyranny of the piano. Some autocrat must be responsible for the unity of the 'piece', and if it is not the singer it had better be the pianist, who, after all, plays every note with his own fingers under the immediate control of one mind. The 'bricks and mortar of the piano'<sup>1</sup> are, moreover, an effective complement to the 'horizontal' flight of the voice. But when composers are constantly writing for the piano they come to think in terms of it; and the force which moves the ensuing song tends to be static instead of dynamic, and the picture to rely on colour rather than on line. Further, voice and instrument have opposing interests in the important matter of climax; to become impressive the voice retards, but the instrument quickens. The opposition can be reconciled, and when that is done it only adds another beauty; but the composer does not always remember to do it. He becomes absorbed in the composition as a whole and in the intellectual problems involved, and forgets sometimes to feel as if he were singing himself. Again, a song is the utterance of speech, though of heightened speech. And in speaking we take our own time. The accompaniment allows for this, of course, but on a calculated plan; whereas the essence of

<sup>1</sup> Prof H. J. Watt's phrase ('Mind and Medium in Art', *British Journal of Psychology*, General Section, 1920).

natural speech is to be intermittent and incalculable. Under this head we may be permitted to regret that two delightful arts are now in comparative abeyance: the song in which the singer accompanies himself, with his own fingers supports the momentary hesitations and the instinctive expansions of his own voice, adds bars or leaves them out to suit his own breathing or that sense of improvisation which lies at the very root of song; and the unaccompanied folk-song, where the intervals become silences, often far more eloquent than sounds, and where, exempt from any external obediences, quarter-notes<sup>1</sup> and grace-notes, the outward signs of an inward freedom, come at last by their rights.

Having disposed then of the 'epic' and 'lyric' periods of song let us turn back to 'key', which is allied to 'drama'. The analogies with drama contained in the music itself—mostly conventions, ever widening but still conventions, based on, or at least legitimatized by, the laws of natural sound in the plucked string and the blown pipe—we may leave to the musician. The salient property of key is, for our present purpose, that it made the chorus possible—and we will not stay to break a lance with those who say that the chorus made key possible. Key began about A.D. 1000 (not 1600, as is usually said) and is confined to Europe (though there are sporadic indications among the melodic nations which were never followed up). Round about 1300 (there is no need here for greater precision) came the four-part chorus, to set the crown on previous three-part and two-part harmony.<sup>2</sup> During the 'classical period', another name for key at its zenith, the foundation of music is three- and four-part harmony, and its main principle of life

<sup>1</sup> It is no more than charitable to suppose that that *tremolo*, which dismays most audiences and all wise singers, and which the majority of singers deliberately cultivate, is a relic of this lost freedom—the attenuated cry of a caged bird.

<sup>2</sup> Harmony in five or more parts differs in degree, not kind. It tends to be used (though not exclusively) whenever experiments are being tried and the harmony would not be clear unless fully stated.

is a moving as opposed to a stationary bass. This was only very slowly developed out of the drone which was the unifying element of 'mode'; as late as 1744 (the date of the loyal song—'God save our Lord the King') we find Henry Carey<sup>1</sup> appealing to technical musicians for help with his basses. With this chorus, well or ill bassed, music acquired the power of distinguishing the different importances of words. Hitherto there had been, as we saw, little distinction of style between liturgy and love song. But now Palestrina (1550) and his peers had a fitting vehicle for the aspirations of the age of faith, and the madrigalists (1600) for their gnomic sayings. Later, as key consolidated, a new conviction was gained and the parts could be fewer; and song came back in the long, winding solos of Carissimi and the balanced duets of Steffani (seventeenth century). With that, music was fully equipped as regards key, and the classical period, from Bach (*B Minor Mass*, 1733) to Brahms (*Deutsches Requiem*, 1868), could hold every kind of song.

We have spoken of the epic, dramatic, and lyric moments as if they were purely historical. But they are, of course, logical moments, just as they are in poetry. Thus, Okeghem (1500) had a distinct feeling for key, Gesualdo (1600)—as Mr. Heseltine<sup>2</sup> has lately shown—was writing lyrically in a way that could only be compared to the present-day manner, while Debussy (1900) went back deliberately to mode and drone. It is this classical song that we wish now to consider—that grand structure in which the arts of poetry and music each in full command of its powers, meet as equals.

The devices of melody attained their completest and most reasoned form in classical song. On the strength of them it was possible to make 'tune' which should be expressive of 'words'. It is not only that words, with their coloured vowels and vertebrating consonants entering into mutual

<sup>1</sup> He first published it; there is no intention here of begging that very thorny question as to who composed it.

<sup>2</sup> See *The Sackbut*, Oct. 1920.

relations which we label hendiadys, crasis, and the rest, are always imitating the procedure of tones, but that the crises of thought in the one are as little distinguishable from the crises of feeling in the other as, to metaphysics, the mind is from the body. It might be expected, then, that the rise and fall of tones would exactly coincide with the rise and fall of words, just as, in life, feeling often synchronizes exactly with thought. Certainly, there are plenty of instances of this; we can all think of places where the sound is a complete echo to the sense—such phrases as Handel's 'Total eclipse! no sun! no moon!' Bach's 'Slumber, beloved, and take thy repose', Mozart's 'Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio', Schubert's 'Süsser Friede, komm', ach komm', in meine Brust', Verdi's 'Ero sottile, sottile, sottile'—every one has his own list. Moreover, composers have at all times been inclined to make it a merit—and perhaps it is one—to surround the marriage ceremony of words and music with picturesque detail. 'The diapason closing full in man' writes Dryden, and Handel makes his voices run up an exact 'diapason' (octave). Purcell underlines the Psalmist's 'They that go down to the sea in ships' with a descent of two octaves—just as if he had said 'go down at sea'. Bach associates chromatic semitones with the spiritual discomfort of sin, Purcell with the bodily discomfort of cold, and the modern shop-ballad with such emotional discomfort as may ensue on pretending to be in love. The madrigalists went further and adorned the ceremony with literal symbolism. On the occurrence in the text of 'bianca', 'vermiglia', 'nigra', the music slipped into white notes (semi-breves) or red (crotchets) or black (three-time); with 'torta' the melody zigzagged, with 'aversa' it changed direction (down instead of up); and the critics of the day praised the ingenuity.<sup>1</sup>

But, just as the mathematically longest day is not the physically hottest, so the precise thought in the words need not synchronize with the glow of feeling in the music. What music really asks is a situation to prepare for, to gloat over,

<sup>1</sup> See the article *Augenmusik im Madrigal* by Alfred Einstein in the Monthly Journal of the International Music Society for Oct. 1912.

or to dilate upon; and as soon as the words have provided this, they have done for her all they can. Hence the great importance of first lines. 'Jesu, lover of my soul'; that, whatever words we may happen to be singing, rings through the whole tune. Whitefield felt this importance when he altered Charles Wesley's first line, 'Hark! how all the welkin rings'; music can make nothing of the welkin, but a great deal of angels. Perhaps that is the intention of Hebrew parallelism—the statement of a topic in the first half of the line, and then time in the second for the music (if only it were a little more worthy) to help us to think it over, with an occasional 'Selah' (which we unfortunately omit) for the paragraph; and perhaps we might catch more of its spirit if we could utilize some of our Latin headings as Palestrina did the Heth, Theth, and Jod given in the Vulgate for the numbering of the verses of the Lamentations.

And of last lines. The poet, when he is not writing a refrain, sometimes merely stops when he has told his story—

And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.

The owl from the steeple sing  
Welcome, proud lady!

—and so can the composer, no doubt; but the singer, especially the less able singer, feels the need of a definite close, and, whether by adding the title of the song (as folk-singers often do) or writing his name in the last note (as Du-Fu-y did) or inserting on his own responsibility a high penultimate (as was the fashion of the nineteenth century) or getting the composer to concede him a high ultimate (as in the present day), has generally achieved it. And for this end he requires a last line of some pith and moment.

Words are set to music, not, as a rule <sup>1</sup> music to words. This seems to hint that music does not, in its mere self, 'mean' anything. It is clear that the introduction to Haydn's *Creation*

<sup>1</sup> Burns was and Tagore is an exception.

does not 'mean' chaos, or the *Feuermusik* in the *Walküre* 'mean' either the steam and collodium by which it is accompanied or even the divinely virgin purity with which Wotan's thought encircles Brünnhilde. In fact the closer music gets to representation the less it seems to be music. Mr. J. D. Rogers pointed out,<sup>1</sup> for instance, that the music moves here with a rising and falling curve suggesting flame springing up and dying down under the action of the bellows ; but such a suggestion knocks most of the musicality out of the passage. Imitations of cuckoos, frogs, clocks and the like bring the music to a standstill in proportion as they are successful. They become part of the music only when the hint they gave is developed on a purely musical basis and for a musical object and itself drops into the background and is lost sight of.

It is commonly said that music begins where words fail. What does this mean? Words, *qua* sound, are subject, as we know, to phonetic decay; we see it at work through the centuries in Grimm's and Verner's laws and day by day in the operation of slang. But at any given moment language is comparatively stationary, like a glacier, whereas tones are at all times in flow, like a river. Words are frozen tones and tones are thawed words. The impulse to phonetic decay is emotion. Emphasis on one syllable leads to the clipping of another, concentration or relaxation of intention moves the medial consonant towards the tenuis or the aspirate, and so on. But in music, which is all emotion, this 'decay' is constant and ubiquitous—every tone is tending at every moment to fly off and be some other tone. The difficulty with words is to make them malleable enough, and with tones to fix them. Hence the first problem for music is to create a norm, departures from which may assume fixed values. Its machinery for doing this is twofold. There is use and wont—the custom of a family, a tribe, a people. Language shares this. But whereas language brings its neologisms and its foreign imports into accord with its own 'genius', music uses the norm thus created as a fulcrum by which to get

<sup>1</sup> *History of Aesthetic*, by B. Bosanquet, 1892, p. 493.

a leverage on its new creations and make them mean more.<sup>1</sup> And there is repetition, in which also the two are opposed: words avoid it as a stereotype, tones seek it as a starting-point. Gretchen's or Senta's spinning-wheel (a repeated figure), which is an accident for the poet, is an essential for the composer: it is his principle of unity and on the strength of it his climaxes mean much more. For a climax the poet can cumulate his thought but not the actual sound. Goethe says (Alexander Gray's translation):

His gait sae prood,  
His braw gallant mien,  
The sweet lauch o' his mou',  
The bricht glint o' his een,  
His words sae winsome,  
Wha wad miss?  
His kind handshak',  
And O! his kiss!

and we have, as far as the sound goes, only a catalogue; but Schubert leads us further and further above the droning wheel, and the cumulation of the sound gets hold of our nerves, like dripping water on bare flesh.

Hence the quarrel, of long standing though quite amicable, which the poet has with the composer. To the poet every line has been, consciously or not, the *via media* of a compromise or is the razor edge of a balance. But the composer takes these lines and gives apparently no credit, or at any rate does no real justice, to their structure, emotional or intellectual; he merely absorbs into his consciousness the picture they present and gives back the mood of that in tones, making such account as he can of the verbal felicities which, quite as much as the picture could ever be, 'are' the poet's creation. Such treatment seems to the poet to be using his creation for just the purpose for which it was not intended. For the poet does not value his subject as such, nor his structure as such, but that subject *in* that structure; and for any one to con-

<sup>1</sup> As an example may be quoted the way in which, in the Handelian aria—'Why do the nations,' for instance—the singer gave, and made reputation by giving, an entirely new turn to the *Da Capo*.

concentrate on subject to the exclusion of structure (or the other way, if it were so) seems to him to be misreading the poem.

But the poet who was put out by this treatment ought to have remembered that it was just what he himself meted out to the 'impressions' from which he fashioned the 'expression' of his poem. He left what he could not use, and falsified, or at least took an *ex parte* view of, what he did use.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!  
To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

Crowded hours come to us in diverse forms, but the moment when a man feels life to be most worth having is when he gives it for another, as, typically, a soldier does; the soldier is 'often surprised between the ditch and the hedge, or must run the hazard of his life against a hen-roost', though, typically, he dies at the top of a breach; clarion and fife may indeed, for the precisian, mean respectively, cavalry and infantry, but they are chosen as representing, typically, music; and music is chosen as typical of that spirit which blows through brave hearts and makes life glorious. How much, then, the poet has omitted, and how much falsified, in this marvellously 'crowded' stanza! What a number of historical, philosophical, religious and other impressions to furnish out this one poetical expression! And now, if a composer were to take, as he might, for his motive incisive trumpet tones biting through luxurious harmonies, and make comparatively little of the last two lines for the sake of which the poet wrote the first two, the (lately known) poet ought not to feel aggrieved any more than Virgil could have felt aggrieved when the (unknown) sculptor closed the mouth of his Laocoon, and therewith falsified his

clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit,  
qualis mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram  
taurus, . . .

There is an idea that a song must have a climax. Music moves, of course, by its very nature from crisis to crisis, but there is no need for one of these to be erected into a kind of 'white horse' or 'brown tree'. Rising pitch is often thought



of (and equally often abused by the incompetent singer); but falling pitch is quite as effective, for we drop the voice in speaking when we mean to be impressive. And there are other forms of it—climax of rhythm, of harmony, of figure, of texture. But in vain does Handel in ‘Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter’s vessel’ make his emotional climax at ‘dash them’ if the vanity of singers postpones it to ‘vessel’, where it is meaningless, as far as the words go, besides being musically tautologous.

This example is a good instance of a climax in the place where the composer wants it—a little before, not at, the end. For sound is relative, and in order properly to feel the accentuation of speed or pitch it is necessary to feel the relaxation after it. Thought, however, the poet’s medium, is cumulative, and he is prone to get his clinching line at the end—

Loved I not honour more.

(LOVELACE)

The Hand that made us is divine.

(ADDISON)

O death! where is thy sting?

(POPE)

Tho’ it were ten thousand mile.

(BURNS)

where the singer, indeed, loves to have his climax, as we have seen, but where that climax is not so artistic as the composer could make it.

It is the absence of crisis of any kind in a sonnet—in ‘Earth has not anything’ or in ‘It is a beauteous evening’—that makes it difficult to set; or rather, it contains in its ‘*stretto*’, as a musician would call it—by dint of which the last six lines seem to say as much as the first eight—the kind of climax he cannot use, because he cannot work in such large periods. He works, moreover, in the main by pronounced contrasts, making them stand out against some felt continuity, whereas a sonnet admits, indeed, lyrical moments but subdues them in the main to its epic unity.

It is an accepted principle in music that each movement has

its own predominant chord-pulse—two or four chords to a beat, two or four chords to two beats, one to three, two to three, and so on. Once such a pulse has been established in a song, any increase or diminution in the number of chords to the beat is felt as a thickening or a thinning of the texture, and this is to be employed only for a specific effect. A similar principle makes itself felt in poetry. There is a normal number of nouns to a line of Shakespeare, and so their cumulation at the end of Macbeth's speech—'we have scotched the snake'—induces a climax. A poem which is so packed with ideas as Habington's 'When I survey the bright celestial sphere' asks for music in slow time, if not also for choral music, in order to unpack its contents and lay them out in order. It is the unevenness of his word-pulse that makes Browning difficult to set.

The gray sea and the long black land;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low;

may pass, and the heavy syllables will demand a heavy sara-band rhythm. But this will have to be abandoned for

And the startled little waves, that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,

which is in quite a different mood. But then, with the next two lines we have to change again. The content of

As I gain the cove with pushing prow  
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand

will, as it stands, asphyxiate any musical setting, or at any rate could be set only as a *tour de force*. It contains enough for three or four lines—for something like Keats's

And now the sharp keel of his little boat  
Comes up with ripple, and with easy float,  
And glides into a bed of water-lilies.

Music has hardly any satisfactory way of dealing with a parenthesis.

Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her  
would be difficult to set, whereas

The heavens such grace did lend her  
That she might admired be

almost sets itself. Brahms has managed a very clumsy one in G. F. Daumer's 'Wie bist du, meine Königin', with great skill—

Durch todte Wüsten wandle hin,  
Und grüne Schatten breiten sich,—  
Ob fürchterliche Schwüle dort  
Ohn' Ende brüte,—wonnevoll.

For the third line he suspends for the moment his semi-quaver motion and substitutes a halting figure upon a (differently) halting bass. The listener cannot help noticing that the flow of the sense is broken; and this prevents his reading it—'My path leads through desolate wastes, and green shade ever spreads over [and tempers] swooning heat'—as he otherwise might, and then be pulled up short by the 'brüte'. But, even as set, the 'wonnevoll' of that particular stanza usually mystifies him, as it may also mystify any one who merely reads the words—of which the general sense is —

When in the wilderness I faint,  
Green shades bend o'er me, and diffuse—  
Thro' sultry days and brooding nights black as despair—  
—Peace and joy and love.

On the other hand, it is quite possible to be too meticulous in the musical exposition of the meaning of the words, and it is in the choice, at every moment, between these two courses that the composer's main difficulty lies. He is guided to a theme by the sense, general or particular, of the words, usually of the first words, and this chosen theme he must develop or else sacrifice the unity of his song. But in the meantime the words also develop, and he sorely needs that great gift, which Schubert and Wolf conspicuously had, of so developing his melody that it shall maintain its own individuality while it 'takes off its hat' to the reigning beauty to which the poet from time to time introduces him.

There is the difficult question of the song when the words are unintelligible—in an unfamiliar foreign language, or inaudible, owing, for instance, to the size of the auditorium. Is this then a song or a clarinet solo? It must depend on the particular circumstances. Much of our pleasure in song is

inferential. Sims Reeves sang 'Tom Bowling' in the Sheldonian when he was 62, and we undergraduates were amazed to find that a song could be a most moving thing even when some of the words and the tones were there only by implication; those that were there were so exactly right that we seemed not to be disturbed by the absence of the others. Again, a Scotch lady recently sang 'John Anderson, my Jo' in the Albert Hall. There was no attempt to 'fill' the hall, which would mean to raise the echoes, and every note was distinctly heard; but the distance was too great for the far less resonant consonants to carry, and many of the words (which were not on the programme) were lost, though those which were heard were perfectly distinct. One would have said that every one in the room must have known the song and could therefore supply what was missing. But some foreign musicians, who had no idea what the song was about, said afterwards that they had no wish to know—that the thing had been quite perfect as it was. It seems as if the inferred pleasure in such cases was the same as that which we feel in looking at Tintern; the arch seems to soar more triumphantly in our imagination than it ever could have soared for our eyes. But it is quite different when the omissions are due to some imperfection in the singing or the enunciation, for then we are led to form wrong inferences and so to confuse our picture of the truth. An Englishman who cannot speak German singing Schumann, or a Russian who cannot speak English singing Purcell, is merely tiresome.

Again, 'John Anderson' is a folk-song, or at any rate 'folk-songy', i.e. unconscious. But in the consciously composed song it is far less easy to dispense with an accurate knowledge of the words; for the music is at every moment what it is because the words are what they cumulatively are, whereas in the folk-song the two chains of reasoning are independent. The pleasure a foreigner may get from a folk-song, of which he does not know the words, is therefore a rounded pleasure, and the whole may sound, as it did to those at the Albert Hall, 'perfect', whereas a composed song would perhaps not have so satisfied them.

A few words about translation of songs may be in place here. Most of us feel that translation is at best a compromise, at worst a desecration. We hold that, if Brahms had not felt Hermann Almers as a German feels him, he would not have set *Feldeinsamkeit*—

Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen Gras  
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben,  
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn' Unterlass,  
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam umwoben.

Die schönen weissen Wolken zieh'n dahin  
Durch's tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille Träume:  
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin  
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge Räume.

—quite in that way; that the deep peace of 'Ich ruhe still' and the buoyancy of the repeated 'von Himmelsbläue wundersam umwoben' could hardly be bettered, and that to divorce those words from that music would be to ruin both. And yet when we look at Paul England's version he seems on the whole to have succeeded:

When noonday sleeps upon the grassy hill,  
I lie and watch the boundless blue above me;  
The whirr of tiny wings is never still,  
'To wondrous visions heav'n's high glories move me.

As o'er me float, along the azure dome,  
The fair white clouds, like dreamland's silent legions,  
My spirit seeks again its long-lost home,  
And floats with them thro' heav'n's eternal regions.

It is not perfect; no translation for music can be. The connexion of the third and fourth line is missed; it is not 'heav'n's high' (but earth's fair) 'glories' that 'move me' (to think of heaven). 'Dreamland's silent legions' is rather heavy, and 'long-lost home' is not simple enough. Yet, if we put aside criticism of detail and take the picture as a whole, we seem to find the knapsacked German emerging from the stuffy woods about Todtnau into the free breezes of the *hohe Feld* of the Schwarzwald satisfactorily replaced by the Englishman in holiday mood toiling up from Steyning and flinging himself upon the short turf of the South Downs. If in addition

to the picture being clear the words go well to the music, as in this case, that is as much as we can reasonably ask. And in two places at least (lines 5 and 8) the English goes better than the German, owing to the translator's ingenuity.

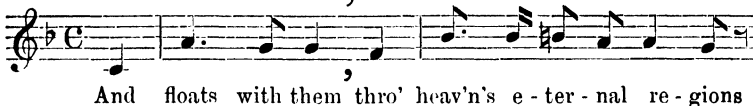
## Line 5

Die schö - nen weis - sen' Wolk - en zieh'n da - hin



## Line 8

Und zie - he se - lig mit' durch ew'-ge Räu - me



But there are others who feel, even more strongly, that they prefer 'the decent obscurity of a foreign tongue' to any translation, however good. They either consider the balance of the words to be of paramount importance, and cannot bear to have that falsified by extraneous musical stresses; or they are impressed by the praepollency of the music, and cannot agree to that being delimited or belittled by the particularity of words. (The two cases are really one case looked at from two sides.) But any one who adopts this position ought logically to object to songs in his native tongue, and we should then be landed in a curious predicament. For the foreign tongue is, to the foreigner, his native tongue; and if he too adopted this position, he would, of course, neither listen to nor write his songs; and if all foreign nations did the same, there would be no songs for us to like. To say, in fact, that all songs should be sung in any language but one's own is to give up the whole case for having songs at all. And the truth is that this plea for a foreign language is put forward, usually, when the song is, on other grounds, being sung badly, —indeed, we all remember occasions when it would have been better not to be able to understand the words, even

if we have mixed them up in our minds with other occasions when it would have been better not to be able to understand the music.

One feels strongly both these pleas--that a translation is at best but a compromise, and that a foreign language throws a convenient veil over some evitable or inevitable defects. Yet it is difficult to get over the argument that if song is the most personal thing in music, and if one's mother-tongue is the most personal thing about one, and if no Englishman can be said to have acquired a foreign tongue unless he can not only speak it fluently but can think and dream in it, and if nine out of ten English singers can lay no claim to such acquisition, then nine singers (but not the tenth) should sing any good translation they can find—Clough's *Über allen Gipfeln*, for instance—in preference to the original, and even a less good translation, so long as they do not also challenge criticism by printing it. But until public opinion takes a decided line it will remain an argument merely, since seven out of the nine singers will always imagine themselves to be the tenth, and will print their words in preference to pronouncing them. The objection to translation comes mainly from those who know the original well; but what about the nine-tenths of the audience who do not know it well enough to understand it when sung, or the five-tenths who cannot make it out when printed, or the three-tenths whose eyes are not good enough to read small print in a dim light? There is no solution that would please everybody, but for the Englishman who was brave enough to sing English the best thing would be to *print* the original, or an English prose epitome of it, and *sing* any good translation he could find.

The liturgical use of verse is another difficult problem. It is doubtful whether the rhymed doggerel—to use the word in no offensive sense—which keeps congregational singing together in the Scottish Church, or the poetical prose of Cranmer which permits an Anglican congregation to gabble its words to a Procrustean tune, or the Latin (incomprehensible to many) of the Roman Church, where the convention of ages has

replaced the natural spoken accent of the language and so provided a sufficient unanimity in the singing, is the more tolerable solution. Hymns are on a different footing. Both words and music are, in most cases, original compositions; and they suffer only from the fact that few first-rate poets or composers have condescended to submit to the restrictions imposed by congregational singing. In Cowper's 'O for a closer walk with God' and Herbert's 'King of glory, King of peace' we are suddenly aware of what we have missed in Montgomery's 'Arabia's desert ranger' and Watts's 'Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood'—some quality that the writer imparts to it not *qua* poet, but, being a poet, *qua* Christian. And this makes us think more than we otherwise might of the view that a hymn should contain sound doctrine rather than fine poetry; for soundness of doctrine is more often attainable than fineness of poetry, and, moreover, a noble tune such as 'Greenwich' or 'Hanover' has a wonderful power of veiling ineptitude or turgidity, and even of glorifying less grievous vices into virtues. When, as often, we are inclined to carp, we need the patience to remember that human excellence flowers only upon a soil composed of many failures, and that our part in the matter is that of the skilful gardener who knows by instinct on which patch and in what aspect a plant will grow.

It would, perhaps, not be extreme to say that there is nothing which cannot be set to music, when we remember that à Kempis's unadorned piety, Whitman's unshapeliness, Clough's real and Tupper's sham philosophy and President Wilson's speech on the American Constitution, have all been pressed into the service before now. Yet some things go better than others. The root idea of a song is 'action' in which 'we' are concerned. The action may be present, as in 'The Erlking', or it may be future as an aspiration, as in 'An die Musik', or past as a situation, as in 'Gretchen am Spinnrade'. Incitement to action came, perhaps, historically first. The desire to incite to religious fervour, to war, to work,



and to sleep, produced the incantation, the battle-song, the chanty and the lullaby. Serenades and aubades might be included with these, but that there is reason to think there are more effective ways of achieving the object which they profess. They belong rather to the song of 'situation', and are to be classed with the harvest-song, paean and sea-song. The true song of action is the old ballad—Chevy Chace, Edward, Patrick Spens; the modern ballad in the hands of Schubert and Wolf (and, less successfully, of Schumann) reverts to the 'situation with a plot'. The deepest feeling is stirred by whatever may be the national idea; with the Frenchman it is *la patrie*, with the Italian something we might call 'civic virtue', with the Russian the 'irony of events', with the German the forest with its vastness and mystery, with the Englishman the untameable sea; and with all the world love, divine and human, for love is the fulfilment of all laws.

Subjects which are not appropriate for song are chiefly those where the picture is a matter of deduction or reflection. One can hardly imagine extracts from Chaucer's Prologue set to music; the 'Clerk of Oxenforde', the 'Shipman' and the 'Manciple' are all of the right length for a song, and their heroes are doing things and being in situations; but not now and here before us. The tense of song is past, present, or future; but not aorist. Not that gnomic sayings need be ruled out if they are short and pithy. But reflective moments seem to leave music nothing to say; she finds her work already done for her. Perhaps Mr. Newburgh Hamilton was right in omitting (for Handel's libretto) the noble lines in *Samson Agonistes*—

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

however much we may lament their absence, and inserting in their stead some from 'On Time'—

Then, all this earthy grossness quit,  
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
Triumphing over Death, and Chance and thee, O Time.

—where, in spite of the personifications (a condensed form of reflections), there is a conflict (action) and a future state in which ‘we’ shall take part.

A song is a great adventure. Thousands write it, tens succeed; and when they have succeeded, its fate still lies entirely with the singer. No one ever had it so much in his power to make the worse appear the better cause, or to refrain from so doing. The ancients placed *Thamyris* and *Narada* among the gods: the moderns pay their counterparts royalties. But the singer’s personality is still incalculable in terms of canonization or of cash. That personality means all that he has been able to crowd into his life; and he may still enlarge it. A good way to do that is to read all the poetry that he does not sing, and to listen to all the music written for some other instrument than the voice.

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS.

## THOMAS PARNELL

### OR, WHAT WAS WRONG WITH THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

I BEGIN with an apology for the title of this essay; it has a second clause, 'What was wrong with the eighteenth century?' The words may sound rather coarse and blatant. The fact is that, as Mr. Gosse has pointed out, such unmerited obscurity has befallen the poet Parnell that I was afraid lest his mere name might convey nothing to our 'Georgian' world. The name of the poet has been naturally overshadowed, since the rise of the great movement for Home Rule in the sister isle, by that of Charles Stewart Parnell, a statesman who was descended from his younger brother.

And there is a further qualification to make. When I quoted the title to a relative who had lately been travelling in the United States, he said: 'An American would interpret the words as meaning that there was nothing wrong with the eighteenth century, and that you considered its work perfect.' This remark rather took me aback; undoubtedly the words might be taken in this sense by us, as a defiant challenge uttered by an enthusiastic champion, but they were meant to be taken in the sense which they would naturally bear to us in England, speaking our native language, as I suppose we have the right to do.

The life of Parnell was written by Goldsmith, and later by Johnson, and there are full accounts of him in the Aldine edition of 1894, and in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Mr. Seccombe's sketch in the *Cambridge History of English Literature* is rather perfunctory.

Thomas Parnell's father of the same name lived at Congleton in Cheshire. The family were strong supporters of the parliamentary cause in the great rebellion, and intimate friends of John Bradshaw, the regicide. Thomas Parnell the elder

left England after the Restoration, and settled in Dublin, where the poet was born in 1679. In 1693 he was admitted to Trinity College, where he took the B.A. degree in 1697. In 1700 he was ordained deacon, after obtaining the dispensation which was required by his being under canonical age. He was installed Minor Canon of St. Patrick's in 1704, and became Archdeacon of Clogher in 1706. Soon afterwards he married Mistress Anne Minchin of Tipperary, by whom he had two sons who died young, and a daughter who is said to have been alive in 1793. In 1711 he acted as chairman of a committee of the Lower House of the Irish Convocation, which dealt with the difficult problem of converting the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

In politics his sympathies, like those of most Protestants in Ireland, were with the Whigs at first, and he formed close relations with Addison and Steele, and wrote papers for *The Spectator* and *The Guardian*, but though he remained on friendly terms with Addison, he gradually drifted into the Tory camp. The political kaleidoscope brought him no promotion, and the death of his wife in 1711 was a severe blow; nearly a year later Swift wrote: 'he has been ill for grief of his wife's death.' In 1712 he received the degree of D.D. at Dublin, and published a poetical *Essay on the Different Styles of Poetry*. The poem was corrected by the great Bolingbroke, to whom it contained several compliments. Swift was warm in the poet's praises: he told Esther Johnson that 'Parnell outdoes all our poets here by a bar's length', and he did all he could for his preferment. 'I value myself', he said, 'on making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry.'

After the Treaty of Utrecht, Parnell wrote a poem *On Queen Anne's Peace*, to which I will refer later, and at Dean Swift's request he was presented with the prebend of Dunlavin. He paid frequent visits to London, and had some vogue there as a popular preacher; he was also a member of the famous Scriblerus Club which used to forgather in Dr. Arbuthnot's rooms at St. James's Palace; there he met Pope, Gay, Congreve, Atterbury, Swift, and Harley. Pope tells us that

Parnell was joint author with himself and Arbuthnot of *The essay of the learned Martin Scriblerus concerning the origin of the sciences*, the object of which was to prove that all learning was derived from the monkeys in Ethiopia. But Swift complained that Parnell was too indolent to contribute much to the literary schemes of the Club. During this period of his life Parnell stayed several times with Pope, and was of considerable service to him. Pope was working hard at his translation of the *Iliad*, and, as he was no scholar, he owed more than he always cared to confess to Parnell's learning, the chief fruit of which was his 'Essay on the Life and Writings and Learning of Homer', prefixed to Pope's *Iliad*. The great work appeared in 1715, the year of the elder Pretender. As Mr. Seccombe puts it, 'Pope as usual exalted in public Parnell's contribution and deplored it in private; saying that "the style was so stiff that it had given him great trouble to correct it"'. Pope's letters to Parnell are, however, extremely charming and affectionate. If I am right, we have only one of Parnell's letters to Pope.

Two stories have been preserved to us by Goldsmith which show Parnell in an agreeable light in his relations with his literary friends. The Scriblerus Club were fond of taking long walks in the country, like Huxley and his friends in our own day, and on one occasion they decided to visit Lord Bathurst at Riskings. Swift, who was a good walker, soon left the rest behind him, fully resolved to choose the best bed on his arrival. Parnell, however, was determined to frustrate him, and taking horse arrived some time before Swift. Lord Bathurst and the poet took counsel how to keep Swift out of the house, and dispatched a servant to meet him in the drive and tell him that there was small-pox in the house, but that he would find a summer-house with a field-bed in the garden. The Dean was mortally afraid of small-pox, and betook himself to the summer-house, where he was regaled with a cold supper, while the rest of the party were feasting in the house. In the end they took compassion on him, and upon his promising never to choose the best bed again they allowed him to join them.

The second story exemplifies the marvellous memory for which Parnell was famous from his youth. Before *The Rape of the Lock* was completed Pope was reading it to Swift, while Parnell went in and out of the room, without seeming to take any notice. He was, however, listening the whole time, and managed to take away with him the whole description of Belinda's toilet, which he proceeded to put into leonine Latin verses, and next day, when Pope was again reading the poem aloud, Parnell, much to Pope's confusion, produced the Latin verses and accused his friend of having stolen the description from an old monkish manuscript.

In 1716 the Archbishop of Dublin presented the poet to the vicarage of Finglas, whereupon he resigned his archdeaconry. In 1717 appeared the only volume published by Parnell in his lifetime, *Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice, with the remarks and life of Zoilus*. The sketch of Zoilus, the notorious critic of Homer in antiquity, of whom a curious account is preserved to us in Vitruvius, was aimed at Pope's enemies, Theobald and Dennis. The life is not without some merits of style, but the sarcasm of the notes attached to it is heavy and involved in expression. The £16 2s. 6d. which the publisher gave for the copyright was handed by Parnell's direction to the ever-impecunious poet Gay. In 1718 he visited London once more, and died suddenly at Chester on his way back to Ireland. He had placed his poems in Pope's hands for correction and publication, and they appeared in 1721. One edition of his works appeared at Glasgow in 1755, 'printed and sold by R. & A. Foulis'. In 1758 came *The Posthumous Works of Dr. T. Parnell*, which both Gray and Johnson contemptuously dismissed as forgeries, but apparently without reason. This volume, which was largely composed of Old Testament stories in rhyme, appears to show little more than the facility of youth. In 1770 Goldsmith republished Pope's selections, and added a short but charming life, which was highly praised by Johnson. Indeed, when one reads the easy prose of Goldsmith one feels the justice of the famous epigram, *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, and feels inclined to recommend to the aspiring writers of our age the study of the great Irishman. Foulis

published a folio edition of Parnell's poems in 1786, and he has had a place in several editions of the English poets, and in the Aldine series. In the latter edition will be found his portrait: the face gives the impression at once of sprightliness, amiability, and smallness.

What impression do we get of Parnell's character? Pope was much attached to him: he prefixed some fine lines to Harley, now Earl of Oxford, in the edition of 1721:

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,  
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.  
Oh, just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!  
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!  
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in every strain!  
Dear to the muse, to Harley dear—in vain!  
For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;  
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and great,  
Dexterous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,  
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Goldsmith says that 'Parnell was the most capable man in the world to make the happiness of those he conversed with, and the least able to secure his own'. 'His whole life was spent in agony or rapture.' Johnson, with his well-known skill in writing Latin epitaphs, composed an inscription for Parnell, in which he referred thus to his double claim to respect: '*Sacerdos pariter et poeta utrasque partes ita implevit ut neque sacerdoti suavitas poetæ, nec poetæ sacerdotis pietas deesset.*' In support of this sentiment we may cite the numerous hymns in octosyllabic verse which the poet composed, and which in an age of frigid deism reveal a real and tender devotion to the second Person of the Trinity.

It is clear that though he disliked his neighbours and surroundings in Ireland, he was in some respects a typical Irishman. He had charm, learning, taste, and eloquence; the joint letters of Pope and his friends show how much he was missed by them when he withdrew from their society, owing to the reactions of depression, or, as it was called in the jargon of that age, 'the spleen'. He was a favourite of fortune and

he had a good income, but he could not make two ends meet. A graver shadow, however, overhangs his reputation; according to Pope he was a heavy drinker, a failing which his friend ascribes to the dejection which was caused by the death of his wife. Hearne goes so far as to say that he was killed by the immoderate drinking of 'mild ale'. Johnson is inclined to suppose that the fault is due to 'the untimely death of a darling son', and, after referring to the promotion which Parnell received in 1716, remarks that 'such notice from such a man as Archbishop King inclines me to believe that the vice of which he has been accused was not gross or notorious'. Perhaps posterity will agree to accept this mellow judgement of the great lexicographer. Goldsmith is very severe on Parnell as a prose writer; 'everything of his that has appeared in prose is written in a very awkward inelegant manner.' 'The language is most shamefully incorrect.' Let us take a specimen from one of his papers for *The Spectator*: in No. 460 he leads us to the 'palace of Vanity', to which 'a multitude repaired from every side'.

'At the gate the travellers neither met with a porter, nor waited till one should appear; everyone thought his merits a sufficient payment, and pressed forward. In the hall we met with several phantoms, that rov'd among us, and rang'd the company according to their sentiments. There was decreasing Honour, that had nothing to shew in but an old coat of his ancestor's achievements; there was Ostentation that made himself his own constant subject, and Gallantry strutting upon his tip-toes. At the upper end of the hall stood a throne whose canopy glitter'd with all the riches that gayety could contrive to lavish on it, and between the gilded arms sat Vanity deck'd in the peacock's feathers, and acknowledged for another Venus by her votaries. The boy who stood beside her for a Cupid, and who made the world to bow before her, was called Self-Conceit. At the foot of the throne sate three false Graces; Flattery with a shell of paint, Affectation with a mirror to practise at, and Fashion ever changing the posture of her cloaths.'

Though Goldsmith's judgement on the style may seem too unqualified, it is clear that these allegories, the lineal descendants of the Masques of Ben Jonson and Shirley,



and the ancestors of Gray's well-known odes, have little to recommend them beyond a certain banal ingenuity. Even when wrought by the skilful hand of Addison they have ceased to please.

Let us now pass to a consideration of the poems. The most famous of these is *The Hermit*. The story is found in Howell's Letters. Howell is said to have taken it from Sir P. Herbert's *Conceptions*,<sup>1</sup> or possibly from some Spanish source. The metre is the heroic couplet. The hermit lives in happy solitude until doubts one day cross his mind as to the reality of God's providence, and he resolves to leave his cell and explore the unknown world. In the afternoon of the first day of his expedition he meets a young man of attractive appearance, and they agree to travel together. At nightfall they seek shelter in 'a stately palace' which rises near their path; they are received there with lavish hospitality, and in the morning before starting they are again entertained.

An early banquet decked the splendid hall;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,  
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.

They thank their host and depart, but the young man astonishes the hermit by stealing the golden goblet. The hermit expresses his displeasure, and does not know what to make of the incident. On the second day they are overtaken by a fierce storm, and seek shelter for the night under the roof of a miser, who receives them churlishly. The hermit blames him for his niggardly reception, when to his surprise the young man presents him with the stolen cup. This strange behaviour adds to the perplexity of the old man. On the third day they find lodging in the house of one who seems to be all that could be desired.

The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,  
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:  
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,  
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

<sup>1</sup> It occurs in a rudimentary form in the eighteenth sūra of the Koran. But see Sir Percy Herbert's *Certain Conceptions* (pp. 220-230), London, 1652.

Their host greets them courteously, and they spend the evening in virtuous conversation, 'till the time of bed',

When the grave household round his hall repair,  
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

In the morning before they depart the young man approaches the cradle where lies asleep the only child of their host, and 'writhes his neck'. The hermit, horrified by this cruel act, seeks to fly from his companion, but in vain. A servant shows them the way, and on arriving at a river, the young man pushes him into the water, and he is drowned. In fierce anger the old man begins to remonstrate, but before he can say anything, his companion turns into an angel, and then proceeds to expound the mystery. He says that the loss of the golden cup has converted 'the great vain man;' he is still hospitable as of yore, but with less ostentation. The golden cup presented to the miser has made him see that 'heaven can bless if mortals will be kind'. The loss of the child has converted the pious host, who was too fond of him.

To what excuses had his dotage run?  
But God, to save the father, took the Son.

The servant who acted as guide was false to his master, and had intended that very night to steal his treasure. After this exposition the angel vanished.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun:  
'Lord, as in heaven on earth thy will be done';  
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,  
And passed a life of piety and peace.

What is the philosophy of this poem? It is contained in these lines:

The Maker justly claims that world he made;  
In this the right of Providence is laid:  
Its sacred majesty thro' all depends  
On using second means to work his ends.

In other words, the poem seeks 'to justify the ways of God to men'. It is easy to make merry over its crude and rapid treatment, yet it is a courageous attempt to distil good out of the soul of things evil. It breathes a real spirit of Christian

resignation and humility. In the last resort the experience of life forces us to confess that there is much in the world which we cannot explain, and that we must live by faith. I am wandering into Theology from the high road of literature, but the subject of the poem compels me to do so. From the point of view of art all will allow that the narrative is interesting and runs easily; the contrast of the three hosts is effectively drawn and the surprise is well managed, reminding us of the short stories of O. Henry.

We are so fortunate as to be able to compare this poem as it originally ran with the edition as corrected by Pope. I am not certain that his judgement was unerring. Lines 3 and 4 run thus:

The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.

After this couplet stood another which Pope suppressed:

His goods, a glass to measure human breath,  
The books of wisdom, and the spade of death.

The second line is good, but it looks as if Pope had disliked the description of the hour-glass, as 'measuring human breath'. Further down, we have this couplet:

Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep  
And shake the rustling wood to banish sleep.

The MS. runs thus:

With fresh'ning airs o'er gay parterres they creep,  
And shake the rustling groves to banish sleep.

'Gay parterres' are inevitable in the poets of this period—they seem to be living in a nobleman's park; but 'rustling groves' is a good phrase. I think Pope disliked the rhyme of 'airs' and 'parterres' in the first line, and thought the second line too noisy; it is full of 's' and 'sh'.

Further down we have a triplet, the only one in the poem:

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,  
Again the wanderers want a place to lie:  
Again they search and find a lodging nigh.

This arrangement is due to Pope, for in the MS. we read :

When dusky twilight bid the night prepare  
To light with radiant drops the darkening air  
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,  
Again they search and find a lodging nigh.

Pope seems to have disliked the rather clumsy line about the dew. Further on, he cuts out two similes ; and Parnell's similes are often good. He had thus described the metamorphosis of the young man :

So when the sun his dazzling splendour shrouds,  
Yet just begins to break the veiling clouds,  
A bright effulgence at the first is seen,  
But shorn of beams, and with a mist between ;  
Soon the full glory bursts upon the sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light.

I do not think that Pope did well here.

Again, to express the hermit's surprise at the change, the poet said :

Surprise in secret chains his word suspends,  
And in a calm his settling temper ends ;  
So loud thro' rocks the tumbling waters stray,  
Then glide beneath the fall unheard away.

This last couplet, which admirably expresses what we see at waterfalls, was suppressed by Pope.

In the passage which I quoted just now as containing the moral of the poem we read :

The Maker justly claims the world he made ;  
In this the right of Providence is laid.

The MS. reads thus :

Eternal God the world's foundations laid,  
He made what is and governs what he made.

Here again the original seems to be stronger than what Pope substituted, for

In this the right of Providence is laid  
is a very prosy line.

It would be interesting to work through the alterations which Pope made in the other poems. They might throw

a side-light on the workings of one of the great formative minds of our literature.

*The Battle of the Frogs and Mice* is a free translation of a mock-heroic poem of the Homeric school. In some respects it is Parnell's best performance, displaying as it does a lightness of touch and a sense of humour. The mice attack the frogs to avenge the death of one of their princes, who had fled from the pursuit of a cat to a pool, and embarking on the back of a friendly frog was drowned. The gods in heaven watch the combat at first, but in the end, as the frogs seem likely to be exterminated, Jove hurls his thunderbolt and sends an army of crabs to attack the victors.

I will only quote one passage: in the council of the gods Pallas Athene exhorts the father of gods and men to let the battle take its course, as she has reason to dislike both parties.

Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies;  
But thus resolv'd the blue-ey'd maid replies.  
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead;  
To such, thy Pallas never grants her aid.  
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,  
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil,  
Ills following ill: but what afflicts me more,  
My veil, that idle race profanely tore.  
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;  
Relentless wretches! all the work was mine.  
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,  
Cast the light shoot, and cross'd the silver thread.  
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear;  
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair:  
For which vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve:  
The gods, that use no coin, have none to give;  
And learning's goddess never less can owe;  
Neglected learning gains no wealth below.  
Nor let the frogs to win my succour sue;  
These clamorous fools have lost my favour too.  
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,  
When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight;  
When spent with glorious toil, I left the field,  
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;  
Lo, from the deep, repelling sweet repose,  
With noisy croakings half the nation rose;

Devoid of rest, with aching bones I lay,  
 Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.  
 Let all, like me, from either host forbear,  
 Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear;  
 Let heavenly blood, or what for blood may flow,  
 Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.  
 Some daring mouse may meet the wondrous odds,  
 Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.  
 O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,  
 And be the wars of mortals scenes for you.

In reading *Endymion* we often seem to feel that the poet's thought was guided or misled by the exigencies of rhyme. In Parnell's poetry we have a different phenomenon; we can often guess what the rhyme in the second line of a couplet will be. As the constant repetition of the word 'part' jars on our ear in *The Christian Year*, so Parnell had an undue fondness for the word 'fate'.

Parnell's preface is interesting because it throws light on his conception of the duties of a translator. He justly felt that the names of the heroes were a great difficulty. 'It might perhaps take off somewhat from the majesty of the poem had I cast away such noble sounds as Physignathus, Lycopinax, and Crambophagus to substitute Bluffcheek, Lick-dish, and Cabbage-eater in their places.' A greater difficulty he felt was due to the mock-heroic style of the original: hence he used 'two or three allusions to some of our English poets who most resemble Homer'. This passage probably means that, as we know from his octosyllabics to have been the case, Parnell was a student of Milton.

He ends as follows with a just estimate of his difficulties, and a humorous assertion of his qualifications for the task: 'When I am literal I regard my author's words; when I am not, I translate in his spirit. If I am low, I choose the narrative style: if high, the subject required it. When I am enervate I give an instance of ancient simplicity; when affected, I show a point of modern delicacy. As for beauties, there can never be found one in me which was not really intended; and for any faults, they proceeded from unbounded

fancy, or too nice judgement, but by no means from any defect in either of these faculties.'

Many of Parnell's shorter poems are translations from Greek, Latin, and French: thus we have a pretty rendering of the famous *Pervigilium Veneris*. It might with some justice be said that he stands self-condemned by this fact; to be a translator is a mark of inferiority, and of borrowed inspiration. It might be replied that his works at any rate show that he was a well-read man, both in the classics and in the writings of modern scholars, such as Scaliger and Lipsius. The Introductory Essay to Pope's Homer, considering how weak Greek learning was in those days, is a creditable performance; it is both learned and cautious; while it shows a knowledge of the old crude stories about Homer, at the same time it refuses them explicit acceptance. It could only have been written by a man who was master of his theme. I am not going so far as to say that Parnell was a correct scholar in details: his Latin rendering of a passage in *The Rape of the Lock* is disfigured by some sad false quantities: nor is *The Frogs and the Mice* as correct as Jebb would have made it. Here, again, are several false quantities, such as *Physignāthus*, while the name of *Borborocaetes* is cut down to four syllables, and the author is at some pains in his notes to acknowledge and to justify the mutilation. But any one who will read the poem will agree that it is not unsuccessful in reproducing the mock-heroic 'colour' of the original.

Parnell made his mark as a poet in the eighteenth century, as we see from the number of editions which appeared. It is clear that he was highly appreciated by Pope and Swift, and the wits of his age.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Johnson and Boswell discuss a passage of *The Hermit*, and it is maintained that our poet influenced Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins. I should be disposed to add Burns's name to the list. What does Johnson say about him? 'He seems to have been one of those poets who take delight in writing.' He agrees with Goldsmith in praising *The Rise of Woman*, *The Fairy Tale*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, and

<sup>1</sup> Hume, in his Essay on Simplicity and Refinement, says that 'Parnell after the fiftieth reading is as fresh as at the first'.

regards *The Allegory on Man* as Parnell's happiest performance. He goes on thus :

‘The general character of Parnell is not great comprehension or fertility of mind. Of the little that appears still less is his own. His praise must be derived from the easy sweetness of his diction : in his verses there is more happiness than pains ; he is sprightly without effort, and always delights though he never ravishes : everything is proper, yet everything seems casual. If there is some appearance of elaboration in *The Hermit*, the narrative as it is less easy is less pleasing. Of his other compositions it is impossible to say whether they are the productions of nature, so excellent as not to want the help of art, or of art so refined as to resemble nature.’

These guarded and, on the whole, just expressions are only one example out of many of the excellent judgement which Johnson displayed in the most delightful and profitable of his works, the *Lives of the Poets*, which he wrote in his old age.

A modern scholar, Mr. Aitken,<sup>1</sup> who has devoted much trouble to the study of Parnell, says that his work is marked ‘by sweetness, refined sensibility, musical and fluent versification, and high moral tone’. But he allows that there are many faulty lines and awkward expressions, and that there would have been more had not Pope revised the more important pieces.

Mr. Edmund Gosse sounds a more confident note :<sup>2</sup> ‘Parnell was roused during the last five years of his life, under the influence of Pope, a much younger man than he, to strike a few magnificent chords on the lyre of a true poet.’ Mr. Gosse calls him ‘a sententious and sonorous writer, whose verse in its deeper harmonies surpasses even Pope’s in melody’. ‘Though Pope awakened his genius within him, Parnell was not the disciple of Pope ; within the narrow range of what he did well there was no writer of his time who showed a greater originality.’ ‘*The Hermit* may be considered as forming the apex and *chef-d’œuvre* of Augustan poetry in England.’ ‘If we are ready to grant that polish, elegance and symmetry are the main elements of poetry, it could hardly be surpassed in any language. In the *Night-piece* and the *Hymn to Con-*

<sup>1</sup> *D. N. B.* xliii. 351.

<sup>2</sup> Arnold and Ward, iii. 133.



*tentment* he shows himself the disciple of Milton, and wields the ringing octosyllabic measure as no one had done since *Il Penseroso* was published.'

This is praise indeed, and in reading it I feel like Lord Clive on a famous occasion when he avowed that he was astonished at his own moderation.

We ask ourselves in judging a poet: has he diction? has he happy turns? has he real feeling and a sense at once of the mystery of life and the glamour of language? do we find quotations in him? To answer the last question first I find one at any rate in Parnell; it is in the *Elegy to an Old Beauty*, where he tells her to desist from efforts more suitable to her daughter.

Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes, and tongue  
Are sure to conquer, for the rogue is young;  
And all that's madly wild or oddly gay,  
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

That Parnell has happy diction and turns may safely be affirmed by any lover of our Augustan age. Has he real feeling? For after all what we demand from a poet is that he should express better than we can what we all feel, and that he should help life by his insight, sympathy, and encouragement. This question can best be answered by referring the reader to two of his poems, one gloomy, the other cheerful: *An Allegory on Man* and *A Hymn to Contentment*.

Let us look at the lines to Pope, the poet's great 'friend, corrector, and patron'. Here, if anywhere, we should expect artificiality to be discarded, and the real man to reveal himself. The poem begins thus:

To praise, yet still with due respect to praise,  
A bard triumphant in immortal lays,  
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,  
Yet still preserve the office of a friend,  
What life, what vigour, must the lines require!  
What music tune them! what affection fire!  
O might thy genius in my bosom shine!  
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine,  
The brightest ancients might at once agree  
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee!

Parnell then compares Pope to Horace, Ovid, and Callimachus, and equates him with the author of the *Eclogues*. He then approaches the translation of the *Iliad*:

In English lays, and all sublimely great,  
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;  
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,  
And flames with every sense of great delight.  
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,  
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;  
In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,  
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;  
His language failing wrapp'd him round with night,  
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.

The poem ends with a passage which made the poet unpopular with his Irish neighbours, in which he laments that

Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground,  
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,  
From wit, from learning, far, O far from thee.

There are weak lines in this unequal performance, but it breathes a spirit of friendship and honest admiration.

A specimen of the lighter vein, in the manner of Prior, may be found in the poem 'Chloris appearing in the looking-glass', while the song 'My days have been so wondrous free' might have been written by Burns. Parnell has also written a lively and amusing poem on the obsequies of a bookworm. It must be allowed that his subjects were not always well chosen, and that he was incapable of the 'limae labor et mora' which Horace requires, but in addition to great facility and sprightliness, I hold that he had a genuine vein of piety, real love of nature, a definite outlook on human life, and considerable urbanity.

One might ask whether a secret of magic and mystery has been revealed to us which was hidden from the wise and prudent Augustans. What would Parnell have said to this later voice from his own country, a voice which, as it weaves magic out of the English language, bids us look for the day when the two islands will evermore be in harmony, in

despite of Erse, the battle of the Boyne, and all the other horrors ?

You shall go with me, newly married bride,  
And gaze upon a merrier multitude,  
White-armed Nuala, Aengus of the birds,  
Feacra of the hurtling foam, and him  
Who is the ruler of the Western host,  
Finvarra and their Land of Heart's Desire,  
Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood,  
But joy is wisdom, time an endless song.  
I miss you and the world begins to fade. (YEATS.)

This thought leads to our second heading, 'What was wrong with the eighteenth century?' So large a subject can hardly be dealt with properly at the end of an essay.

The eighteenth century even now has zealous partisans; there has been a certain reaction from the severe judgements of Mark Pattison and others; I need only refer you to the skilful case which Mr. Mackail has made out for Pope himself. We admire the silver plate of Queen Anne and George I: shall we ever again read their poets for pleasure? Who reads *Cato* now? Who reads Tickell, A. Philips, Gay, or Prior? Or, to go later in the century, who now reads *Irene* or Thomson or Young? Akenside was the great poet of Newcastle. I wonder if any one in Newcastle to-day has studied Akenside. He has passed out of our ken like his fellow-townsmen Avison, who wrote the remarkable military march in three-time of which we hear in Browning's *Parleyings*. On the other hand, who, if he is wise, does not read *The Spectator*? It seems as if we admired the prose and despised the poetry of the Georgian era. Why this discrepancy? We feel, on the one hand, that with Goldsmith, Collins, Gray, and Cowper a new breath of life invigorated our Muse; and, on the other hand, we allow that forcible modern English prose begins with Dryden, Addison, and Steele. Is it enough to say that certain minds are so constituted as to enjoy the school of Pope? No: even those who champion the Augustan poets are ready to allow that there is something lacking.

Let us take a scene from Thomson's *Seasons*, where Celadon

and Amelia are overtaken by a thunderstorm. Amelia is killed by the lightning. The poet goes on thus:

But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,  
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of love?

And yet Thomson could on occasion flash forth, as in the bard's song in *The Masque of Alfred*:

When Britain first, at heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sang this strain:  
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves:  
Britons never will be slaves.

Take two familiar instances from our hymn-writers, for hymns after all are poetry:

Fading is the world's best pleasure,  
All its boasted pomp and show:  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

'Solid joys.' Oddly enough we could quote a parallel from Parnell, who seems to have liked the word. He addresses Swift thus:

By all these offsprings of thy learned mind  
In judgement solid, as in wit refined,  
Resolved I sing.<sup>1</sup>

Or again from Tate and Brady (Tate was Poet Laureate in Parnell's time):

O make but trial of his love,  
Experience will decide.

And yet when we read the words we feel that if Wordsworth had written hymns he might have committed himself to this phrase, for we all know that Wordsworth often failed in his great experiments.

We can trace a crystallizing tendency in our literature from

<sup>1</sup> Compare also in Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health*:

This (i. e. Virtue) is the solid pomp of prosperous days,  
The peace and shelter of adversity.

the first careless rapture of the Elizabethan, increasing in the seventeenth century, and again and again ruining the effect of fine work, like Dryden's *Virgil* and Dryden's plays. It shows itself most markedly in the use of epithets. I will quote an instance from Otway, who, with all his passion and sentiment, is an unequal writer. Jaffier in *Venice Preserved* cries out :

Tell me why, good Heaven,  
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,  
Aspiring thoughts and elegant desires,  
That fill the happiest man?

Again, Antonio thus addresses the Council :

What headlong apprehension drives you on,  
Right noble, wise, and truly solid senators?

Solid again!

Or again, this is how Jaffier addresses his wife Belvidera when she has betrayed the plot which he had joined :

Where dost thou lead me? Every step I move,  
Methinks I tread upon some mangled limb  
Of a racked friend. O my dear charming ruin,  
Where are we wandering?

Parnell himself gives us examples over which we might easily make merry. We have two long poems of his in the inevitable couplet, one an *Essay on the different styles of Poetry*, the other *On Queen Anne's Peace*. Let us look at the latter for a few moments. It was written when the poet was in the plenitude of his power, and received with much applause by Swift, Oxford, Bolingbroke, and others. It has a special interest for us at this moment owing to the similarity of circumstance. We have just emerged from a cruel war, and in 1713 the English nation, heartily tired of the War of the Spanish Succession, had forgotten the victories of Marlborough and was welcoming the Peace of Utrecht.

The poet begins by welcoming peace and praising Queen Anne. France has been overthrown.

When thus reduc'd the world's invaders lie,  
The fears which rack'd the nations justly die.  
Power finds its balance, giddy motions cease  
In both the scales, and each inclines to peace.

The prayers of 'pious Anna' are reported in heaven by Britain's angel, who then repairs once more to the Queen's side :

Unseen he stood,  
Presenting peaceful images of good,  
On fancy's airy stage: returning trade,  
A sunk exchequer fill'd, an army paid.

The Queen, 'filled with warmth divine', then calls Oxford and Bolingbroke to arrange her affairs. Both are praised; of the latter the poet says :

Just thoughts of honour all his mind control,  
And expedition wings his lively soul.

This last line seems to me the cleverest in the poem.

But she has other agents, among them 'pious Bristol' and 'gallant Stafford' :

Both vers'd in business, both of fine address,  
By which experience leads to great success.

Discord is raging in Flanders, surrounded by 'stern shapes of horror', but the guardian angels of Europe have met at Utrecht, and Discord with her crew flies to the North. At home, however, there is danger from another fiend, from Faction.

Within her arms are heaps of pamphlets seen,  
And these blaspheme the Saviour, those the Queen,  
Associate vices.

The guardian angel, however, makes short work of the monster.

We now sing the blessings of peace, and among much else we read :

Here wondrous sciences with eagle's sight,  
Those liberal arts, which make the world polite,  
And open traffic, joining hand in hand  
With honest industry, approach the land.  
O welcome long desir'd and lately found,  
Here fix thy seat upon the British ground,  
Thy shining train around the nation send,  
While by degrees the loading taxes end.  
Let traffic cherish'd by the senate's care  
On all the seas employ the wasting air,  
And Industry with circulating wing,  
Through all the land the goods of traffic bring.

The poem ends with a comparison of Queen Anne to the phoenix, and a short statement of the political results of the war. Now, at this moment we feel many of the emotions which this poem reveals. We remember Flanders to our cost, we are glad the war is over, we deplore the effects of faction in our midst, we want traffic to revive, and more particularly we should like to see 'the loading taxes end'. But we are glad to think that no one has written to-day in such strains as these about the great conflict. Our Poet Laureate is sometimes rebuked for his silence, but if he had nothing better to offer than this we should agree that silence is golden. There is, in a word, in Parnell's poem little of poetry except the rhymes. That such an effort should have been highly praised is an indictment of the age in which it appeared. Pope, to do him justice, would seem to have agreed with us, for he did not include this poem in the selections from his friend's works.

It does not help much to say that it was an artificial age. This is only to state what may be a fact without assigning a cause. And further, all ages alike have their conventions. Mr. Mackail has pointed out that there are artificial elements in Homer himself, as, for example, the stock epithets. Read *England's Helicon* and Tottel's *Miscellany*, and you will at once allow that the Elizabethan age was full of artificiality. When we read the old dramatists we are from time to time refreshed by some phrase which as it were sharply hits the nail on the head, couched in the brevity which we now command; but how rare such phrases are, for instance, in Ben Jonson! Their frequency is one of Congreve's many claims on our admiration. I think that the jokes which we are accustomed to read from week to week in *Punch* have helped the English language not a little to gain conciseness of expression. What, I wonder, will men say a hundred years hence of Rupert Brooke, Lascelles Abercrombie, and the numerous minor poets of the 'Georgian' age? May they not detect mannerisms which elude their contemporaries?

Let us then try to study causes, and if some of those I suggest seem far-fetched, at any rate they may help to clear our

minds. In the first place, are the faults of the eighteenth century due to Pope? To say this would be unfair to a great genius. Pope was as much the effect as the cause of things. Those who know the inner history of the Roman Church are aware that it is guided less by its infallible head than by the policy of the Curia. The greatest genius cannot form his contemporaries' minds, though no doubt he may develop and articulate tendencies already existing. Thus we may fairly say that the dominance in this period of the heroic couplet is largely due to Pope's mastery and example.

The partisans of the White Rose might say that the bluntness and coarseness of the eighteenth century were due to the political events which substituted the Hanoverian dynasty for the Stuarts. They might say that piety and culture had taken refuge with the Nonjurors, and that the poetry of the age was blasted by the unworthy though inevitable compromises of public life. Some, for example M. Arnold, would go further back and blame the Puritan movement. Others would not go so far as this: they would be content to point out that it was a time of unceasing war. To this fact they would attribute the bluntness and the coarseness, and would find a melancholy parallel in the vulgarity which seems so rampant in our midst at this moment when we have emerged from a great war.

Again, it might be pointed out that in the eighteenth century literature was still in the baleful position of subservience to patrons. Such an atmosphere could hardly be good for independence, inspiration, and the pursuit of the ideal.

Or we might argue that it was an age of refinement, quite appreciable but superficial. It might fairly be said that in the history of a nation's culture a period is reached where prose will produce better results than poetry. And here it is inevitable to allude to the undoubted influence which the correct writers of our French neighbours exercised. Pope himself used French sources and models, and boasts of the conquest which France has made of her neighbour. The



luxuriant style of the Elizabethans was bound in process of time to be severely pruned; but while there was gain in the process there was also loss, and the loss would be chiefly felt in the domain of poetry. We might press this point a little further and ask, What was the basis of that culture in France and England alike? The answer would be that it was mainly formed on Latin models. As Conington has said: 'In the eighteenth century the influence of Rome is yet more direct and exclusive; in fact, we may say that an acquaintance with the principal Latin writers is the only way to a literary appreciation of that phase—the most brilliant as some may still esteem it—of English authorship.' Greek scholarship was weak in England until after 1750. It might well be that some knowledge of Greek literature would have helped Pope's generation to be more natural. And yet, on the other hand, it is fair to ask how much Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Byron owed to Greek writers.

While all these thoughts require our careful attention, I think we shall reach a juster solution of our problem if we remember that there is an inevitable progress in languages as in all natural things. Some words go up as time passes; but most of them go down. Sceptre has gone up, for the Greek *σκῆπτρον* merely means 'a staff', but it is an exception. Think of the history of 'genteel', 'elegant', 'awful', and 'blooming'. They have gone down. Hazlitt could use 'genteel' as a term of praise: we shrink from the word altogether. 'Elegant' is still a term of praise on the other side of the Atlantic; and Dr. Johnson once spent an afternoon 'cheerfully and elegantly' in works of benevolence; we are careful how we use the word. 'Silly' has come down in the world, just as its Greek analogue *εὐήθης* lost its original meaning. The fact can be illustrated from Massinger and Ford. If Massinger makes the afflicted father in *The Virgin Martyr* adjure the doctor

To increase the number of this young man's days,  
it does not follow that the line sounded prosaic to him. I could quote several other instances of the phrase 'young man' from

our old dramatists. Let us next look at Ford's *Broken Heart*: Amyclas thus addresses Nearchus :

As you are  
In title next, being grandchild to our aunt,  
So we in heart desire you may sit nearest  
Calantha's love.

The word 'aunt' strikes strangely on our ears in this passage. It did not, however, seem ludicrous to Ford or to Beaumont and Fletcher. What do we read in the great scene in *King John*?

*Hubert.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arthur.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.

Shakspeare was very fond of the word 'proceedings'. To us it sounds untragic.

We may illustrate this point from the use which the Americans and the Irish make of our language. To a certain extent their humour depends on their using a different language, and for this reason things sound more amusing to us than they were perhaps meant to be. Read a column of advertisements in an American paper : hardly one is expressed as we should put it. I remember once asking in a foreign hotel for the biscuits ; and an American lady opposite burst out laughing. 'Oh', she said, 'we call them crackers.' Now which is the most amusing word, crackers or biscuits ? Once in Connemara I wanted to get to the station twenty miles off, and went round to negotiate for the only available horse and trap. The young Irishman listened sulkily to my proposition, and then replied : 'I think I couldn't.' He was speaking a different language. In the same way the writers of the eighteenth century attached different values from ours to their vocabulary : much is now worn out which seemed fresh then. They were experimenting in the values of words, just as Wordsworth experimented after them, sometimes successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully.

Still, after making all reservations, we feel that there was a spirit lacking in the poets of the early eighteenth century : they were acute, correct, incisive, amusing, brilliant ; they

had genuine power and passion; but, like the slave in the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus, they were to a certain extent 'purblind', because 'they fed on darnel, when wheat was cheap'.<sup>1</sup> They admired nature, but they had not penetrated her mystery; they had studied humanity, but had little hold on its higher aspirations and tendernesses. Their range in the choice of words, thoughts, similes, subjects, was limited; and so we confess with regret that, except for the student, a large part of their work is dead. Yet to return to Parnell, I venture to claim that he deserves to be read again.

<sup>1</sup> There was a Roman superstition that a diet of darnel was bad for the eyes.

A. H. CRUICKSHANK.

## A CONTEMPORARY LIGHT UPON JOHN DONNE

AT no time did the fame of John Donne stand higher than in the decade following his death in 1631. He had passed away in a halo of sanctity, a saint none the less esteemed because of the confessed irregularities of his early life. His voice was still ringing in the ears of a generation which had sat entranced at his feet in old St. Paul's. His poetry in the form of songs, elegies, epithalamies, and satires—chiefly the work of his unregenerate youth—together with graver letters, epicedes and divine poems, though eagerly collected and partially known to many by MS. copies, was first published posthumously in 1633, when its appearance took the Caroline world by storm. A new era seemed to have dawned. Poetry through the genius of Donne had cast its trammels, and promised to march forward to fresh fields of conquest and adventure.

We know how little the expectation was realized, and for this the poet himself was largely to blame. Tares were so mixed with his grain that the one was mistaken for the other. Donne's manner of writing, when not charged with his own sombre intellectual passion, proved an unhappy influence. Though lingering on until the age of Dryden it begot little in others beyond arid and far-fetched conceits. Out of a mind stored with every kind of rare knowledge, Donne discerned new and unexpected analogies in the most diverse matters. What in him arose spontaneously from a true association of ideas, too often in his disciples became merely a calculated trick. For them the *ars poetica* was not to hold a mirror up to nature, but 'to learn to look at all things with a sort of mental squint'. Their aim, as Johnson pointed out, was to surprise rather than to delight, and it is little wonder that the 'metaphysical school' should have been regarded

by the eighteenth century as the climax of literary absurdity. Donne had deliberately stepped outside the great tradition of Elizabethan verse, and Nemesis of a sort has overtaken him. The innovations, which made his poetry seem the last word in modernity to his contemporaries, have themselves grown rusted of time, and the figures he borrowed from current science and philosophy are now more antiquated and unreal than the classical imagery which he rejected. Even when the fullest justice has been accorded to Donne's vast powers, he remains one of the strangest of English poets, a figure not yet finally placed, the high-priest of a small if ardent cult. But to the younger men of his own day he stood out as uniquely great. They saw in him a miracle of learning, the monarch of wit, a pillar of fire and cloud projected against their sky.

Such a speaking testimony to this homage lies before the present writer in a copy of the 1639 edition of *Poems by J. D. with Elegies on the Author's Death*, picked up by him for a sum not much greater than the 3s. 6d. paid by its first purchaser. Dog-eared, worn and ink-stained, indeed in every respect the reverse of an 'exemplar' which would appeal to the bibliophile, it has nevertheless a peculiar value of its own in the copious contemporary annotations which adorn or, from another point of view, disfigure every page. Since many of these marginalia possess a literary or human interest, while others shed light upon questions in conjecture or dispute, it may be well to offer them to lovers of Donne for what they are worth and no more. No claim can of course be made for the annotator's infallibility; but as the opinion of a careful and deeply interested student of Donne who lived in the same age, his notes are entitled to respectful examination.

The original owner of this small octavo, 'G. O.', was evidently a scholarly and devout Anglican clergyman. He must have possessed a considerable library in which this book after several changes of location finally settles down in *classis* or shelf 79. He studied his favourite authors with a scrupulous care, which many a modern editor might profitably imitate, and shows himself throughout in close touch with

well-informed views upon literary and other topics of the day.

As to his clerical calling there can from the first be little question. The Bible is ever in his mind, and many passages in the poems are flanked by texts in which the writer detected scriptural parallels. Donne's unconscious echo of Villon, 'Tell me where all past yeares are' ('Song', p. 3), is capped by a reference to Eccles. iv. 16: 'There is no end of all the people, even of all that have been before them.' The line:

The Sunne would shine, though all the world were blind  
(Eleg. XIII, p. 94) is finely compared with 2 Tim. ii. 13: 'If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself.' In other cases we have glosses which not seldom convey a spiritual meaning into Donne's most secular songs. Thus his lines in 'The good-morrow', p. 2:

But this, all pleasures fancies be,  
If ever any beauty I did see,

Which I desir'd, and got, 'twas but a dreame of thee  
are interpreted as *Xts Love*.<sup>1</sup> The praise somewhat extravagantly bestowed on the 'Countesse of Bedford', p. 164:

So intire are all your deeds, and you, that you  
Must doe the same things still: you cannot two

are by G. O. more fitly transferred to the Deity. Even the amazing 'Sapho to Philaenis' is still more amazingly converted by marginal notes into an emblem of Christ and Christianity. *Sin* is suggested by the lines from 'The first Anniversary', p. 226:

. . . some Serpents poyson hurteth not,  
Except it be from the live Serpent shot.

As an orthodox Churchman he marks his rejection of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception by firmly erasing the lines:

thy birth was free  
From that which others doth of grace bereave  
in the sonnet 'On the blessed Virgin Mary', p. 342 (now said

<sup>1</sup> Here and throughout G. O.'s annotations, reproduced *verb. et lit.*, are printed in italics.

to be not Donne's but Henry Constable's), and treats similarly the line identifying Christ's image with 'th' image of his Crosse' in the next poem.

There is evidence that he was one of the clergy whose Royalist sympathies made him a person suspect to the Committee of Sequestrations. To a passage in the letter written by Donne to George Gerrard, January 7, 1630:

It hath beene my desire (and God may be pleased to grant it) that I might die in the Pulpit, if not that yet that I might take my death in the Pulpit, that is, dye the sooner by occasion of those labours

G. O. subscribes his initials, plainly in the affirmation of the same hope, yet as though he feared the loss of his cure for some alleged 'delinquency'. Again, in the margin of p. 210 opposite the couplet in a poetical epistle 'To Sir Tho. Rowe, 1603':

Howe'r I'll weare the black and white ribband,  
White for her fortunes, blacke for mine shall stand

he writes the significant date 1646, Oct. 6. On the 30th of September of that year, Charles in sore straits had sought the advice of the Bishop of London, conjuring him to deal plainly and freely with him, as he will answer it on the dreadful day of judgement. It was on Oct. 4 that the King received Juxon's reply, advising him to accept the inevitable, and to agree to the establishment of Presbyterianism for five years on an engagement that subsequently a regulated Episcopacy should be restored. G. O.'s adaption of Donne's words to the circumstances of the time may be construed as a prayer for the fair fate of the Church, albeit his own prospects then seemed of the darkest.

Everything points to the owner of the initials 'G. O.' and the author of these ingenious annotations being the Royalist divine, Giles Oldisworth—a conjecture since verified by a comparison of his handwriting in the parish registers with that of the MS. notes in this copy of Donne. Born at Coln Rogers in 1619, he was educated at Westminster School, where his last year coincided with the first of Dr. Busby's stern reign.

He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in May 1639, where he graduated B.A. 'Forced thence', as Anthony Wood tells us,<sup>1</sup> 'for his allegiance to the King, (he) retired to Oxon., and was there created Master.' At school and college he was a contemporary of Abraham Cowley, on whose shoulders (scarcely broad enough for this weight) the mantle of Donne was to fall. By his maternal grandfather Sir Nicholas Overbury, the father of the murdered poet, he was presented in 1645 to the living of Bourton-on-the-Hill, Gloucestershire, where he died in 1678. He was author of *The Stone roll'd away* and other theological works, besides a poem entitled *Sir Tho. Overburies Wife Unvail'd*. Naturally Oldisworth was familiar with his uncle's writings, and we find him inscribing the name *Overbury* opposite the opening lines of Donne's song 'Negative love', p. 58:

I never stoop'd so low, as they  
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can pray,  
Seldome to them which soare no higher  
Then vertue, or the minde to admire,  
For sense, and understanding may  
Know, what gives fuell to their fire—

obviously in reference to the stanza from Overbury's 'Wife':

Marriage our lust (as 'twere with fuell fire)  
Doth, with a medicine of the same, allay;  
And not forbid, but rectifie desire.  
My selfe I cannot chuse, my wife I may;  
And in the choice of Her, it much doth lye,  
To mend my selfe in my posterity.

Oldisworth's annotations, which extend from the first page to the last, are written in a clear Roman script, with occasional lapses (as in the case of the minuscule *h* and *r*) into the earlier Elizabethan hand. Underlinings on so generous a scale that very few lines indeed have escaped one or more of these tributes of admiration, together with marginal crossed parallels indicating noteworthy passages, render any page of this copy a marvel of lineation second only to the 'new map with the augmentation of the Indies', to which Shakespeare compares the visage of Malvolio. Sometimes indeed G.O.'s delight finds verbal ex-

<sup>1</sup> *Athenae Oxon.*, ii. 737.



pression, as in Donne's beautiful poem 'The Extasie', p. 44 (as purely spiritual as Carew's 'Rapture' was the reverse), where he has prefixed to the title: *Excellent is* 'The Extasie', and exclaims at the end *This drives y<sup>e</sup> Reader to an Extasye*. In other cases the underlines show us the owner of the book struggling with metrical difficulties of the sort which led Ben Jonson to declare that Donne, 'for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging'. We may take as an example the first stanza of 'Twicknam Garden' (p. 23), cited by a modern critic as an illustration of Donne's prosodical heresies. 'One of his most famous traps for the ear', says Mr. Gosse,<sup>1</sup> 'is the opening line of "Twickenham Garden", which the ordinary reader is ever tempted to dismiss as not being iambic verse at all. We have to recognize in it the poet's attempt to identify the beat of his verse with his bewildered and dejected state, reading it somewhat in this notation:

Blasted / with sighs / and / surrounded / with tears.'

Most lovers of poetry would instinctively read the line as Mr. Gosse. G. O., however, as his markings show:

Blasted *with* sighs, and surrounded *with* teares

compelled it into iambic measure, a rendering not necessarily ugly if, with the chief stresses on the two participles in -ed, those on the *sighs* and the *teares* are pronounced as lightly as the breathing of the one and the falling of the other.

It would seem that this edition of 1639 was not Oldisworth's first introduction to Donne's poems. The whole book has been carefully collated with the first edition of 1633, the page numbers of which are neatly appended to the title of each poem, with corrections of several errors which have crept into the later text.<sup>2</sup> But besides these we have evidence of the care with which G. O. read and studied his author in additional

<sup>1</sup> *Life*, ii. 334.

<sup>2</sup> Some of these have escaped the vigilance of Professor Grierson. In the elegy on Donne by Edward Hyde [p. 394], l. 6, 'there is not phansie left Enough to weep thee', has the misprint 'no phansie' in the edition of 1639, while in that by Sidney Godolphin [p. 401], l. 30, 'Angles' is misprinted 'Angels'.

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emendations of his own, found neither in the edition of 1633, nor, except in one case, in any of the MS. readings noted by Professor Grierson. On p. 17 in 'Aire and Angels', l. 19, the archaic 'Every thy haire', as in edd. 1633-9 and most MSS., is changed by superimposed numerals to *Thy every haire*, a transposition adopted later in the edition of 1650.

In Elegie VI, ll. 5-7 (p. 79), G. O. has restored meaning to the passage:

As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still  
Their Princes stiles, which many Realmes fulfill  
Whence they no tribute have . . .

by reading *with* for 'which' in l. 6, as in the MSS. though in none of the printed editions. In the letter 'To M. I. P.' (p. 183), ll. 11-14:

So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,  
As suddenly as Lard, fat thy leane beasts;  
So may thy woods of poll'd, yet ever weare  
A greene, and (when she list) a golden haire

the misprint 'of poll'd' ['oft poll'd' in the ed. of 1633] is changed to *oft poll*; 'when she list' in the next line being corrected as in the first ed. to 'when *thee* list'. In the poetical epistle 'To Sir Tho. Rowe, 1603' (which was probably written not by Donne but by Sir John Roe), p. 209, ll. 23-4:

And all's well, for had she lov'd, I had not had  
All my friends hate

G. O. emends 'I had *then* had', which is perhaps to be preferred to Professor Grierson's 'I had had'. In the letter 'To the Countesse of Huntington', p. 191, G. O. alters the opening couplet:

That unripe side of earth, that heavy clime  
That gives us man up now, like Adams time

to

That *Crude, y<sup>t</sup> new found world*, that heavy clime  
That gives man *naked* now, like Adams time.

He completes the couplet (ll. 127-8 of the same poem) left unfinished in the editions of 1635 and 1639:

Love that imparts in every thing delight  
Is fancied

thus :

*, not express'd, 'cause infinite*

which compares not unfavourably with the other MS. readings :

Is fain'd, which only tempts man's appetite  
(Phillipps Collection)

or :

Is thought the mansion of sweet appetite  
(Trin. Coll. Dublin)

the 1650-4 edd. reading :

Is fancied in the Soul, not in the sight  
and that of 1669 :

Is fancied by the Soul, not appetite.

And lastly, as the result of Oldisworth's attention to what Blake calls 'minute particulars', we have a new and convincing emendation in a passage of Izaak Walton's elegy on Donne [p. 398] :

Did his youth scatter Poetry, wherein  
Was all Philosophy? was every sinne  
Character'd in his Satyrs? Made so foule  
That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their soule  
Safer by reading verse?

G. O. restores the right sense by deleting the note of interrogation after *Satyrs* and changing the capital M to its minuscule form, thus :

was every sinne  
Character'd in his Satyrs made so foule  
That some have fear'd their shapes . . .

Had Donne, the youthful unconverted Donne, depicted every species of sin in his satires—and he did nothing of the kind—it could hardly have been claimed as a signal service to morality, which is Walton's argument. Clearly, as G. O. sees, the meaning is that the particular faults satirized by Donne have been presented in so repellent a shape as to deter his readers from committing them.

No less apposite in many cases are the titles supplied by G. O. to several of the poems. The Song 'Goe and catch' (p. 3) he names *Womans Inconstancy*, in contrast to the next with Donne's own title 'Womans constancy', that on p. 13 'Sweetest Love, I doe not goe' becoming 'Song *at parting*'. To Donne's title 'The Curse' (p. 34) he adds *a Woman*, with the cross-reference *see the Expostulations later part, p. 102*. The last two songs 'Deare Love continue nice and chaste' (p. 65) and 'Stand still, and I will read to thee' (p. 66) he calls *The Delight of louueing* and *Lasting Love*. To the unnamed 'Elegies' VI (p. 79) 'Oh, let me not serve so,' VII (p. 81) 'Natures lay Ideot' and XIII (p. 93) 'Come, Fates' he gives the respective titles *Neglect*, *Her Breedinge*, and *Longings*, and to the six 'Satyres' the names *The Puritane*, *The Lawyer*, *Religion*, *The Courtier*, *Injustice*, and *The Clowne*.

Numerous explanatory notes show G. O.'s intelligent understanding of his author. When Donne, 'Satyre IV', l. 119 (p. 138), says of his 'Makaron' or court fop:

He like a priuiledg'd spie, whom nothing can  
Discredit, Libels now 'gainst each great man

it does not escape the annotator that 'priuiledg'd spie' stands for *Embassador*; and similarly that

Yee of those fellowships, whereof hee's one,  
Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits

(Epithalamion, p. 120) connotes *Templars*. He knows that 'His highnesse sitting in a golden Chaire' ('Farewell to Love', p. 63) refers to *A fayreing*, which as Chambers conjectures was presumably made of gilt gingerbread; and sees that 'holy Ianus' and his 'soveraigne boate' ('Progresse of the Soule', III, p. 302) is Donne's way of referring to *Noah* and the *Arke*. The last lines of Stanza II, *ibid.*:

Yet hast thou (i.e. the Sun) not more Nations seene than  
shee (i.e. the Soul)

That before thee one day began to bee,  
And thy fraile light being quench'd shall long, long out-  
live thee

are made clearer by a note in which G. O. shows himself aware

that with Donne the theory of metempsychosis applied not only to men and animals, but also to the vegetable kingdom. The Soul, he explains, *Gen. i. 12* existed in the apple for otherwise y<sup>e</sup> *Sun Gen. i. 14, 19* was created the 4<sup>th</sup> day and mans soule *Gen. i. 26, 31* the 6<sup>th</sup> day.<sup>1</sup>

As though conceits enough were not to be found in his author, Oldisworth proves himself the possessor of natural shrewdness and a pretty wit in creating others of his own. Where Donne wrote in 'Twicknam Garden', p. 23 :

And that this place may thoroughly be thought  
True Paradise, I have the Serpent brought

G. O. sees a picture of the *Church of England*. The couplet from 'Satyre II', p. 127 :

As in some Organ, Puppits dance above  
And bellows pant below, w<sup>ch</sup> them do move

suggests *Bishops*; and in that from 'The Epicedes', p. 253 :

For, as if all the substances were spent,  
'Twere madnesse, to enquire of accident

he scents *Transubstantiation*. The reference to unclothed savages in the letter 'To the Countesse of Huntington', p. 191 :

So naked at this day, as though man there  
From Paradise so great a distance were

is slyly glossed *Court Ladyes*. In 'The Progresse of the Soule', XXXVI, the

Flail-finnd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Swordfish  
symbolize respectively *Presbyterian* and *Independant*; while the next stanza is interpreted as an animadversion *Against the neglect of Prince Henrys Obsequies* :

Who will revenge his death? or who will call  
Those to account, that thought and wrought his fal?

<sup>1</sup> This view, it may be observed, is in entire agreement with Ben Jonson's explanation to Drummond of Hawthornden: 'The conceit of Done's Transformation, or Μετεμψύχωσις, was, that he sought the soule of that aple which Eva pulled, and thereafter made it the soule of a bitch, then of a shee wolf, and so of a woman: his general purpose was to have brought in all the bodies of the Hereticks from the soule of Cain, and at last left it in the bodie of Calvin: Of this he never wrotte but one sheet, and now, since he was made Doctor, repenteth highlie, and seeketh to destroy all his poems.'

The heirs of slain kings, we see are often so  
 Transported with the joy of what they get,  
 That they, revenge and obsequies forget,  
 Nor will against such men the people goe,  
 Because he's now dead, to whom they should show  
 Love in that act. Some kings by vice being growne  
 So needy of subjects love, that of their own  
 They think they lose, if love be to the dead Prince  
 showne.

The gluttonous bird of Stanza XXX, who

hath flowne so fast,  
 That leagues, o'r-past at sea, now tyr'd he lies,  
 And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies

(although 'he lives yet in some great officer'), is accepted as a figure of *Ambition*, whose ministers are *pride, ease & pleasure*. Yet another example may serve as an illustration of the spirit in which a grave and learned divine read the lively effusions of Donne's youth. When in the singular poem, which in this edition ushers in the 'Songs and Sonets', he urges his mistress to spare the life of the flea which has bitten them both, since

This flea is you and I, and this  
 Our mariage bed, and mariage temple is;  
 Though Parents grudge, and you, w' are met,  
 And cloysterd in these living wals of Jet.  
 Though use make you apt to kill me,  
 Let not to that selfe-murder added be,  
 And sacrilege, three sins in killing three

G.O. piously produces scriptural authority from *Acts* and *Hebrews*, and adds a final explanatory line of his own :

*Doing despight to y<sup>e</sup> blessed Trinitye.*

Quaint critical couplets, with internal rhymes, signed in most cases with G.O.'s initials, are prefixed to each section of the book :

To the 'Songs and Sonets' (p. 1)

*How vile, &, yet how good are Great Witts, whan  
 They write, not w<sup>t</sup> they shou'd but w<sup>t</sup> they can.*

To the 'Elegies' (p. 71)

*How sharpe, & yet how sweete, are Poets, who  
Describe not w<sup>t</sup> is meete, but, w<sup>t</sup> is new.*

To the 'Epithalamions' (p. 103)

*Learned (Active deleted) yet stupid, all those Poetts are  
W<sup>ch</sup> undresse Cupid, & paint Venus bare.*

To the 'Satyres' (p. 123)

*Both bolde & rare needes must those writers bee  
Who can & dare write all they heare & see!*

To the (poetical) 'Letters' (p. 148)

*W<sup>t</sup> verse? w<sup>t</sup> prose? w<sup>t</sup> volumnes can bee better  
Then his, who shoves such witt in every letter?*

To the 'Anatomie of the World' (p. 211)—a paradox in Donne's own manner,

*Starke naught, because so good's that Elegye  
W<sup>ch</sup> equalls flesh & Blood to 'th Deity.<sup>1</sup>*

To the (prose) 'Letters' (p. 275)

*Loe here a Treasure! there y<sup>e</sup> Poett shoves  
Witt without measure, where he writes in prose.*

To 'The Progresse of the Soule' (p. 301)

*A heavenly Progresse makes y<sup>t</sup> Soule whose flight  
Soares here, on earth, above y<sup>e</sup> sharpest sight.*

To the 'Holy Sonnets' (p. 327)—a not inapt summary of Donne's ascent heavenwards—

*Marke his Soules Progresse! hee w<sup>ch</sup> sang of fleas  
At first, at last sings Halleluiahs!*

Two other efforts occur in 'The Progresse of the Soule',

<sup>1</sup> With this we may compare Ben Jonson's criticism in conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden: 'That Done's *Anniversarie* was profane and full of blasphemies: that he told Mr. Done, if it had been written of the Virgin Marie it had been something; to which he answered, that he described the Idea of a Woman, and not as she was.'

where the concluding words of 'The Epistle', slightly changed, are carried on thus (sig. V<sup>4</sup> verso) :

*The sum of this booke you shall find to bee  
More sin, then Soule keeping some qualitty  
Of every vile beast, full of Treacherye  
Rapine, Deceipt, & Lust, & illis enough  
To be a Woman, Mother of mischeife, Eve ;*

and prefixed to the poem itself (p. 301) are the lines :

*Knowledg of evil, proness to controll  
All good this is the progress of Eves Soule.*

We may now turn to those notes in which Giles Oldisworth contributes new information as to the persons to whom certain of Donne's writings were addressed, or by whom certain of the Elegies upon the Author were composed. To do this he was well qualified. He was a late contemporary of Donne, whom doubtless he had often heard in the pulpit at St. Paul's when himself a scholar at Westminster. His lively interest in everything relating to the Dean is manifest in these annotations, and his scholarly tastes must have brought him into contact with many who were able to supply facts about the poet's circle derived from their personal knowledge. He knew for instance that 'Sir H. W.' (p. 181) stood for *Sr Henry Wotton*, 'Sir H. G.' (pp. 279, 281, 289) for *Sir Henry Goodyere* or *Goodeare*, and that the 'honour'd friend G. G. Esquier' (pp. 285, 286, 288) was *George Garrett* (otherwise spelled *Gerrard*). In adding the latter name to one of Donne's letters to 'G. G.', he appends the words *who lived with ye E. of NorthHumblund*, a detail of especial interest when we recall that it was Henry Percy, the ninth Earl, who broke the news of Donne's secret marriage to his irate father-in-law.<sup>1</sup> If George Gerrard was a member of the Earl's household, may it not have been due to his influence that

<sup>1</sup> That Gerrard formed the link between Northumberland and Donne seems to have been unknown to Mr. Gosse, who proffers the explanation (*Life*, i. 100): 'Northumberland was a learned and eager person, filled with strange scholastic knowledge, whose sceptical and audacious intellectual temperament was sure to be highly attractive to Donne, and the poet seems to have been at this time on terms of some intimacy with the Earl.'



Northumberland was induced to act as intermediary? To him also we may perhaps attribute the collection of Donne MSS. belonging to the Percy family, which now form part of the famous Leconfield MS. When the 'wizard Earl' was nearing the end of his strange career, we find Gerrard (then Master of the Charterhouse) still in touch with the family, and at Donne's request writing to the heir, Algernon Percy, asking him to obtain news of the poet's son from Lord Carlisle.<sup>1</sup>

Still more important is G. O.'s identification of the much-debated subject of the 'Elegie on the L. C.' (p. 274), beginning with the couplet:

Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way  
Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey.

. This poem which in the edition of 1633 and in the MSS. is mistakenly placed among the 'Elegies' (i. e. Love Elegies), first appears with the title 'Elegie on the L. C.' in the edition of 1635, where, as in all subsequent seventeenth-century editions, it follows the Funeral Elegy 'Death be not proud'. 'The initials L. C.' says Mr. E. K. Chambers,<sup>2</sup> 'may not improbably stand for L(ord) C(hancellor). If so, the date of the poem will be as late as 1617, for on March 23 of that year died Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, Viscount Brackley, Lord Chancellor, and, until a month before his death, Lord High Keeper. Donne had been his secretary from 1596 to 1601, and had married his wife's niece, Anne More.'

Professor Norton, the editor of the Grolier Club text of Donne's *Poems*, had in the previous year reached the same conclusion. To neither does it seem to have occurred that Donne, who had been dismissed from his secretaryship by the Lord Chancellor because of his clandestine marriage, to remain for years after his release from the Fleet a ruined and disgraced man, would have been little likely to have chosen Egerton as the subject of an elegy, or, had he done so, to have begun it in this strain.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gosse (*Life*, ii. 265), from whom this fact is taken, by a curious slip refers to father and son as the third and fourth Earls, instead of the ninth and tenth.

<sup>2</sup> *Muses' Library*, ii. 233.

Professor Grierson, while agreeing that 'the conjecture is a natural one and may be correct', raises the objections that the poem appears without title in the edition of 1633 and all MSS., and that its inclusion in some of the manuscript collections shows that it cannot have been written later than 1610. He points out moreover that in 1617 Donne was in holy orders, and that his Muse had in the long poem on Lord Harington, brother to the Countess of Bedford, 'spoke and spoke her last'. Professor Grierson sums up: 'It seems to me probable that the *Elegie* was an early and tentative experiment in this kind of poetry, on the death of some one, we cannot now say whom, perhaps the father of the Woodwards or some other of his earlier correspondents and friends.'<sup>1</sup> Why the father of the Woodwards rather than any other father it is difficult to see. We know little or nothing of this gentleman, and assuredly no doughty deeds of his which preserved the nation from the need for tears have come down to us. Donne's *Epicedes* were all written on distinguished personages. While accepting Professor Grierson's conclusions as to the probable date of the poem, it seems to me safer to suppose that the editor of the 1635 edition had some good reason for adding to this elegy the title 'On the L. C.'

Oldisworth completes the name 'L. Cury', indicating it would seem Henry Carey, first Baron Hunsdon, the Lord Chamberlain, which dignity is probably what these initials were intended to convey. A first cousin of Queen Elizabeth, this distinguished soldier and statesman quelled the Northern Rebellion of 1569-70, and in 1583 was appointed General Warden of the Marches towards Scotland and Lord Chamberlain of the Queen's Household. He sat on the commission which tried Mary, Queen of Scots, 1586, and in 1588, the year of the Spanish menace, commanded the forces at Tilbury, where he was entrusted with the protection of the Queen's person. He died aged 72 at Somerset House, July 23, 1596, leaving seven sons and three daughters, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on August 12.

Such personal allusions as occur in Donne's poem confirm

<sup>1</sup> *Oxford Ed.* ii. 204.

the identification of the 'L. C.' with the Lord Chamberlain. The lines:

'Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve,  
And give praise too, our cold tōgues could not serve:  
'Tis well, he kept teares from our eyes before,  
That to fit this deepe ill we might have store

may well refer to his suppression of the insurrection of the Earls of Westmorland and Northumberland. The reference to the 'children' who were 'his pictures' seems particularly applicable to a nobleman who had a large family of sons:

Pictures of him dead, senselesse, cold as he,  
Here needs no marble Tombe, since he is gone,  
He, and about him his, are turn'd to stone.

Donne doubtless knew these 'children', or at any rate the heir of the stricken house, of whom in the opening lines of the elegy 'Sorrow' is made the personification. This George Carey, second Baron Hunsdon, who succeeded his father as Lord Chamberlain, had for wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, a lady famous for her patronage of the poets; while her sister Alice, then dowager Countess of Derby and later the third wife of Egerton the Lord Keeper, was one of Donne's lifelong friends. It was for this lady in her old age that Milton wrote his masque of *Arcades*.

Facts and dates tend to support this view. On August 10, 1596, two days before the Lord Chamberlain's burial in the Abbey, Donne had returned to England after taking part in the futile Cadiz expedition, in which young Egerton had been his companion. Whether, as Jessopp states, Donne was immediately appointed secretary to his friend's father the Lord Keeper, or, as Mr. Gosse says, in the following year on his return from the Islands' voyage, need not trouble us here. We know that Donne was then on friendly terms with the Egertons, and it seems natural to conclude that he wrote the elegy at the request of the Lord Keeper. The striking maritime figure:

though no family

Ere rigg'd a soule for heavens discoverie  
With whom more Venturers more boldly dare  
Venture their states, with him in joy to share

is one that might well have come from a young poet who had this expedition freshly in mind.

Again, in the Elegies upon Donne we find G. O. well-informed, and throwing new light upon some doubtful points of authorship. The first of the Elegies, 'To the memory of my ever desired friend, Dr. Donne', which had appeared without signature in *Death's Duell*, 1632, and is here signed H. K., is rightly attributed to King, Donne's friend and executor, and since there is no prefixed *Bp.*, it would appear that the note was written before February 164 $\frac{1}{2}$  when Dr. King was elevated to the see of Chichester; while the author of the fifth elegy, 'On Doctor Donne by Doctor C. B. of O.', is likewise correctly expanded *Corbet Bp. of Oxford*.

A livelier interest attaches to the authorship of the third elegy [p. 394]:

On the death of Dr. Donne.

I cannot blame those men, that knew thee well,  
Yet dare not helpe the world, to ring thy knell  
In tunefull Elegies; there's not language knowne  
Fit for thy mention, but 'twas first thy owne;  
The Epitaphs thou writst, have so bereft  
Our tongue of wit, there is no[t] phansie left  
Enough to weep thee; what henceforth we see  
Of Art or Nature, must result from thee.  
There may perchance some busie gathering friend  
Steale from thy owne workes, and that, varied, lend,  
Which thou bestow'st on others, to thy Hearse,  
And so thou shalt live still in thine owne verse;  
He that shall venture farther, may commit  
A pittied errour, shew his zeale, not wit.  
Fate hath done mankinde wrong; vertue may ayme  
Reward of conscience, never can, of fame,  
Since her great trumpet's broke, could onely give  
Faith to the world, command it to beleewe.

He then must write, that would define thy parts:  
Here lies the best Divinitie, All the Arts.

EDW. HYDE.

This elegy with King's lines had first appeared anonymously in *Death's Duell*, but in the 1633 and subsequent editions of the Poems is signed 'Edw. Hyde'. Whatever its

literary merit, it is at least a warm-hearted and manly tribute to the dead poet-preacher, and the question whether or not it flowed from the youthful pen of the great Lord Chancellor is one of historic importance. Clarendon, however, as Wood tells us,<sup>1</sup> had more than one nominal double: 'The Reader may be pleased now to know, that besides this Edw. Hyde have been two more, of both his names and time, that have been writers, as Edw. Hyde jun. an enthusiastical person, who, among several things that he hath written hath published *A wonder and yet no wonder: A great red Dragon in Heaven*, &c. Lond. 1651: And Edw. Hyde first cosin to our Author Edw. E. of Clarendon, as I shall tell you at large elsewhere.' According to Professor Norton, who seems to have been the original discoverer of this mare's-nest, it is the first of these others, the Royalist divine, who is the author of the elegy. This Edward Hyde, or rather Hide,<sup>2</sup> (1607-59) was educated at Westminster School and elected thence in 1625 to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became a Fellow, 1632, and was appointed Tutor in 1636. He was created a D.D. of Oxford in January 1642, and became the author of various sermons and other theological works, the earliest of which was published in 1651.

This view of the authorship of the elegy is accepted or shared by Mr. Gosse:<sup>3</sup> 'At the end of *Death's Duell* are printed the earliest of the encomiastic copies of verse which it presently became the fashion to shower on the tomb of Donne. These are anonymous, but were written respectively by Dr. Henry King and Dr. Edward Hyde.' Professor Grierson, while speaking less positively, inclines to the same

<sup>1</sup> *Athenae Oxon.*, ii. 390-1.

<sup>2</sup> Hide seems to have been the earlier and more usual way in which the divine signed his name. This is the spelling found in the Admission Books at Trin. Coll. Cam., in Venn's *Cambridge Matriculations*, in his autograph on taking the B.A. degree in 1630, and in certain of his published works. Later he seems to have adopted the spelling Hyde, which occurs in the lines on Duport's *Job*, in his signature on taking the M.A. degree in 1637, and in theological works published 1655, 1657, 1658, and posthumously in 1662.

<sup>3</sup> *Life*, ii. 300.

opinion. Citing Norton, he continues: 'It would be interesting to think that the author of the lines on Donne was not the divine, but his kinsman the subsequent Lord Chancellor. There is this to be said for the hypothesis, that among those who contribute to the collection of complimentary verses are some of Clarendon's most intimate friends about this time, viz. Thomas Carew, Sir Lucius Carie or Lord Falkland, and (but his elegy appears first in 1635) Sidney Godolphin. If his friends, legal and literary, were thus eulogizing Donne, why should Hyde not have tried his hand too? However, we know of no other poetical effusions by the historian, and as these verses were first affixed with King's to *Death's Duell* it is most probable that their author was a divine.'

Here G. O. is on the side of the angels. Oldisworth was of course familiar with this Hide as an older alumnus of his own school, and as a Tutor at Trinity during his three years' residence at Cambridge. So that when we find him with his usual precision prefixing *S<sup>r</sup>* and appending *K<sup>t</sup>* to the signature 'Edw. Hyde' (p. 394), we may assume that he does so to distinguish between the theologian and his greater namesake, definitely assigning the elegy to the latter. His note was evidently made after February 22, 164 $\frac{2}{3}$ , when Hyde was knighted on being sworn of the Privy Council. Anthony Wood, writing some fifty years later, who as shown above was well acquainted with the Rev. Edward Hyde and his works, has no doubt at all upon the matter. In his article on Donne he says:<sup>1</sup> 'He was therefore celebrated, and his memory had in great veneration by the Wits and Virtuosi of his time, among whom were Ben Johnson [*sic*], Sir Lucius Cary afterwards L. Faulkland, Sydney Godolphin, Jasp. Mayne, Edward Hyde afterwards L. Chancellour, Endymion Porter, Arthur Wilson, &c.'

The objections raised by Professor Grierson in his last sentence tend rather to become arguments in favour of Clarendon. We have direct testimony of his youthful cultivation of poesy in Dryden's address 'To the Lord Chancellor Hyde, presented on New Year's Day, 1662':

<sup>1</sup> *Athenae Oxon.*, i. 473.

The muses, who your early courtship boast,  
 Though now your flames are with their beauty lost,  
 Yet watch their time, that if you have forgot  
 They were your mistresses, the world may not.

Moreover it should not be overlooked that in 1629, three years earlier than the appearance of *Death's Duell*, Edward Hyde associated himself with Habington and others in writing some commendatory verses prefixed to D'Avenant's *Tragedy of Albovine*:

To his Friend, Mr. William D'Avenant.

Why should the fond ambition of a friend,  
 With such industrious accents strive to lend  
 A Prologue to thy worth? Can aught of mine  
 Enrich thy Volume? th'ast reared thyself a Shrine  
 Will out-live Pyramids; Marble Pillars shall,  
 Ere thy great Muse, receive a funeral:  
 Thy Wit hath purchas'd such a Patron's name  
 To deck thy front, as must derive to Fame  
 These Tragic raptures, and indent with Eyes  
 To spend hot tears, t'enrich the Sacrifice.

ED. HYDE.

Here, at any rate, there is no room for speculation as to which Edward Hyde we have to deal with, for the future Lord Chancellor, 'whilst he was only a student of the law, and stood at gaze, and irresolute what course of life to take',<sup>1</sup> lived in the society of the chief wits and scholars of his time. He was of the court of Ben, and in 1634, as Whitelock records,<sup>2</sup> acted as one of the managers of an unnamed masque presented on Candlemas Day by the Inns of Court to the King and Queen. This must have been Shirley's *Triumph of Peace*, which, like D'Avenant's *Temple of Love* in the same year, was intended as a picturesque confutation of Prynne's *Histrio-mastix*.

On the other hand, it is impossible to believe that the Cambridge don and author-to-be of apocalyptic 'Red Dragons' and the like was at this or any other time an intimate friend of Ben Jonson's successor the 'rare Sir Will'. Nor is there any great weight in the supposition that the

<sup>1</sup> *Life*, i. 26.

<sup>2</sup> *Memorials*, 18-21.

elegy first printed in *Death's Duell* must necessarily have been written by a 'divine'. Donne by his double appeal was the idol alike of the sacred and the profane, and there is nothing in the character of Clarendon, who was originally destined by his father for the Church, to have rendered him incapable of appreciating the graver and nobler side of the Dean of St. Paul's. And is it not rather from a layman that we might expect the antithesis of the final line, where, though Donne is accredited with the 'best Divinitie', the crescendo falls upon 'All the Arts'?

Both to the lines contributed to the *Tragedy of Albovine* and to the *Poems* of Donne, Hyde signs his name with the confidence of one at ease in his company and sure of his reception, and doubtless may have felt that the name would at least bring as much credit as the verse. The acquaintance of Hyde the divine, on the other hand, seems to have been restricted to the academic circle of his own College at Cambridge. The poems claimed for him are a copy of Latin verses celebrating the birth of the Princess Elizabeth, contributed to the Cambridge 'Carmen natalitium' (1635), and another prefixed to Dean Duport's translation of Job into Greek verse (1637). He did, however, on at least one occasion, express his congratulations in the vulgar tongue, though this effort seems to have been overlooked by those who concede him the authorship of the third elegy. Following the alcaics addressed *Amico suo charissimo, ingeniosissimo, T. Randolpho, liberum de eius Comoedia iudicium*, which was prefixed to Randolph's comedy of *The Jealous Lovers*, presented before the King and Queen at Cambridge by the students of Trinity College in 1632, are some English lines, obviously intended to be spoken as prologue to the play:

Desert keeps close, when they that write by guess  
 Scatter their scribbles and invade the press.  
 Stage-poets ('tis their hard, yet common hap)  
 Break out like thunder, though without a clap.  
 Here 'tis not so; there's nothing now comes forth,  
 Which hath not for a licence its own worth.  
 No swagg'ring terms, no taunts; for 'tis not right  
 To think that only toothsome which can bite.



See how the lovers come in virgin dye  
 And rosy blush, ensigns of modesty!  
 Though once beheld by such with that content,  
 They need not fear others' disparagement.  
 But I'll not tell their fortunes, whate'er 't be;  
 Thou must needs know 't, if skill'd in palmestry.  
 Thus much—where king applauds, I dare be bold  
 To say, 'Tis petty treason to withhold.

EDWARD HIDE,

These halting couplets, which have nothing in common with the bold and careless stride of Clarendon's verse, carry with them their own refutation of Hide's claim to the elegy. So far as can be discovered, there is no link connecting Hide the Fellow of Trinity—he was not created D.D. of Oxford until ten years later—either with Donne himself or the inner circle of his admirers, except that like so many of the latter he was an old Westminster boy. But in any case it is improbable that Dr. King, who belonged to an older generation and was the friend and intimate of the greatest men of his day, would have associated himself with the young and unknown Cambridge scholar in presenting Donne's *Death's Duell* to the public.

The ninth elegy, 'Upon the death of the Deane of Pauls' [p. 404], beginning 'Can we not force from widdowed Poetry', and ending with the famous epitaph:

Here lies a King, that rul'd as he thought fit  
 The universall Monarchy of wit;  
 Here lie two Flamens, and both those, the best,  
 Apollo's first, at last, the true Gods Priest

gives the author's name as 'M. Tho. Carie', to which G. O. has added now *Earle of Montmouth*. There is at least something of error in this, for even if Oldisworth were rightly informed as to the identity of the author, it was Henry Carey the translator, not his younger brother Thomas Carey of the Bed-chamber, who succeeded as second Earl of Monmouth. If he were wrong in this ascription the mistake was a natural one, due to the confusion that prevailed then as now between the persons and work of those two Dromios, Thomas Carew, Sewer in Ordinary and Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to King

Charles I, and Thomas Carey, Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to his Majesty. Coetanians, as Aubrey would say, they both held an office at court, and both names were pronounced alike as Cary or Carie, and even so written. The portrait of the one has been mistakenly accepted as that of the other. Their verses were not unlike in subject and manner, and there is reason to suppose that some of the poems attributed to Carew may have been written by his namesake Carey. Certainly this is true of the lines *On his mistress going to sea* beginning 'Farewell, fair Saint', and the *Methodus Amandi*, both of which Hazlitt includes among the works of Carew, but which as we know from Fanshawe's *Pastor Fido* (1653) were written by Thomas Carey of the Bed-Chamber.

Upon the whole, however, while there is no evidence that this elegy was written by the King's Sewer in Ordinary, except its appearance among Carew's *Poems* in the posthumous edition of 1640, the probabilities are certainly in favour of this general belief. The note of the elegy, like that of all Carew's pieces, is frankly pagan, while its smoothness, wit and force, which make it easily the finest of the tributes to Donne, stamp it as the work of a more facile and accomplished versifier than we may suppose Carey to have been on the strength of his 'Farewell, fair Saint', and the few other pieces which we know definitely to be his. This elegy, of which Mr. Gosse has given us in his *Life*<sup>1</sup> so able an analysis and commentary, remains to-day one of the justest appreciations of Donne's aim and achievement in English poetry that we owe to any critic of his or of our own time.

The fourteenth and last elegy in this edition of 1639 bears the title 'In memory of Dr. Donne, by Mr. R. B.' No one has hitherto solved this riddle, and the personality of Mr. R. B. has remained as doubtful as that of the more famous Mr. W. H. The chief guesses are summarized by Professor Grierson: 'The "Mr. R. B." who wrote these lines is said by Mr. Gosse to be the voluminous versifier Richard Braithwaite (1588-1673), author of *A Strappado for the Divell* and other works, satirical and pious. He is perhaps the most likely candidate for

<sup>1</sup> ii. 336.

the initials, which are all we have to go by. . . . If he had not been too young in 1633, I should have ventured to suggest that the author was Ralph Brideoak, who proceeded B.A. at Oxford 1634, and in 1638 contributed lines to *Jonsonus Virbius*. He was afterwards chaplain to Speaker Lenthall, and died Bishop of Chichester. . . . W. C. Hazlitt suggests Broome as the author of the lines on Donne, which is not likely.'

The true name, when we find it, is a surprising but convincing one. Oldisworth completes R. B.'s surname as *Busby*, the famous head master of Westminster, now remembered chiefly for the rigour with which he plied the rod. It was before his tomb in the Abbey that Sir Roger de Coverley exclaimed: 'A great Man, he whipp'd my Grandfather, a very great Man. I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a Blockhead, a very great man!'<sup>1</sup> Richard Busby in 1633, when these lines first appeared, was a young man in his twenty-seventh year, then Tutor at Christ Church, Oxford. As Wood tells us,<sup>2</sup> he was esteemed 'an exact Latinist and Grecian, and soon after better for oratory', and he is said, indeed, three years later, on making a hit in the part of Cratander in Cartwright's *Royal Slave*, to have contemplated adopting the stage as a profession.

Busby, like three other of Donne's elegiasts, was one of the Westminster scholars who became students of Christ Church, Oxford. Jaspar Mayne (1604-72), author of *The City Match*, entered Christ Church in 1623, and Busby in the following year, both taking their B.A. degree in 1628, and their M.A. in 1631. Dr. Corbet (1582-1635) was of an earlier generation. From Westminster he passed to Christ Church, where he proceeded B.A. in 1602, and was installed as Dean in 1620, a post which he held until 1629, when he was elected to the see of Oxford.<sup>3</sup> Henry King (1592-1669), afterwards Bishop of Chichester, was likewise elected from Westminster to a studentship at Christ Church, where he became Canon in March 1624. Doubtless from this 'dearest

<sup>1</sup> *Spectator*, No. 329, March 18, 1712.

<sup>2</sup> *Athenae Oxon.*, iv. 418.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, i. 511.

friend and executor' of Donne came the impulse which led the younger Mayne and Busby to join Westminster's tribute to the dead poet. After the Restoration, when Busby's services to the Royal cause were promptly recognized, Bishop King was one of the signatories of a document preserved in the Public Record Office testifying 'that Richard Busby has faithfully served for 20 years as Governor of Westminster School, and led a charitable, exemplary, and loyal life'.<sup>1</sup> Nor was Mayne forgotten, since in 1660, probably with King's support, he was made Canon of Christ Church and Archdeacon of Chichester. Perhaps we may trace King's influence also in the elegies written by Sidney Godolphin, of Exeter College, and Daniel Darnelly, of New College, both of whom were University contemporaries of Busby and Mayne. Giles Oldisworth, it must be remembered, was in his last year at school a pupil of Busby's, and may be supposed to have learned the authorship of this elegy from some of his old friends at Westminster, if not from the head master himself.

Turning to the elegy, there is nothing in its style and matter which is not entirely consistent with this supposition. The lines have rough energy and descriptive power, as in the vivid passage which pictures the Dean preaching in 'Paul's':

Me thinkes I see him in the Pulpit standing,  
Not eares, or eyes, but all mens hearts commanding,  
Where we that heard him, to our selves did faine  
Golden Chrysostome was alive againe.

The caustic humour attributed to this famous schoolmaster may be traced in his scornful references to the 'doctrine-men' who are 'zealous dunces' and 'beetles', and in his parody of their comments on Donne's learned eloquence with the jeering insertions of 'truly' and 'verily' in square brackets he strays, as he himself confesses, into satire when intending elegy. The tags of Latin 'Decem tales' and 'Probatum esset' are in the true Holofernes vein. Though a staunch Churchman, the writer was evidently not in holy orders, since he rebukes the clergy for their jealousy at the high promotion of Donne,

<sup>1</sup> *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1660-1*, p. 60.

a late comer into the Church, likening their murmurings to those of the labourers in the parable of the Vineyard:

It was his Fate (I know 't) to be envy'd  
As much by Clerkes, as lay men magnifi'd;  
And why? but 'cause hee came late in the day,  
And yet his Penny earn'd, and had as they.

In the concluding lines he confesses to having cherished poetic ambitions of his own, a 'sparke' of 'poetique fire' derived from the greater flame of Donne, of which this elegy is only a 'poore flash' before his 'Muses death'. Professions of this sort are not to be taken too literally, and though it is improbable that Busby attempted much English verse, yet there is preserved in his old school a MS. poem entitled 'A warning to ye Protestant Peers from their best of Friends the Jesuits', which in the Westminster catalogue is described as 'written by Dr. Busby'.

Here we may take leave of Giles Oldisworth, not without gratitude for his devoted study of his author, and for the fruits it has yielded. It is pleasant to know that in spite of the menace of sequestration this scholar was left in possession of his rectory, there peacefully to study and annotate his beloved authors. His last note in the book before us is the memorandum at the foot of the title-page, *Buy his several letters to several psons*, obviously in reference to the edition published by Donne's son in 1651. There can be little doubt that G. O. would have procured this work at the earliest opportunity, and equally little that he would have added any details known to him of the 'persons of honour' to whom these letters were addressed. This precious volume has yet to be discovered. It may well lie neglected upon the shelves of some private or public library, bookshop or bookstall, but should it come to light we may hope to glean from it information no less valuable than that which he recorded in his copy of the *Poems*.

JOHN SAMPSON.

## A BUNDLE OF BALLADS

### I. THE COLLECTION OF TRANSCRIPTS

My neighbour and friend Mr. Charles R. Cowie of Woodend House, Partickhill, Glasgow, has done me the honour of letting me introduce to the world of letters a MS. compilation of considerable note and importance. When purchased by Mr. Cowie some seven or eight years ago, the collection was in the form of a bundle of separate transcripts represented or understood at the time of the purchase as coming from a no less distinguished quarter than the study of Bishop Thomas Percy. In order to preserve the collection and to make its contents accessible, Mr. Cowie, with the advice and guidance of Mr. J. C. Ewing, of the Baillie Library, Glasgow, a well-known bibliographical authority, put the whole at once into a bookbinder's hands, and had the various pieces mounted and bound together in one volume in boards thirteen inches in height by nine inches across. The papers are of different sizes and in several handwritings, and represent upwards of twenty separate or detached sheets or groupings. They contain transcripts in some cases, and mere notes in others, of no fewer than eighty-three ballads or poems. In terms of the information accompanying the collection when purchased, the transcripts were at first believed as a whole to have been Percy's. In point of fact there are internal indications of a direct Percy connexion, although its precise nature and extent may prove to be different from the original conception or expectation. A relic or supplement from the *Reliques*, or even a by-product of research after ballads, is in itself a visible tradition of the ballad-hunt which gave the bishop his fame. These transcripts, therefore, a collection formed for editorial purposes nearly a hundred and twenty years ago, are in the fullest sense a sequel of Percy.

With these explanations the abbreviate of the collection which follows will best make its own introduction. The abbreviation is confined to the body of poetical quotations or texts themselves: these run to many hundreds of lines and had to be drastically abridged—reduced, indeed, in most instances to a couple of lines sufficient to indicate each piece for recognition. The headings and memoranda are reproduced in full, but the copied or quoted texts are cut down, only the first and last lines of each poem being in the ordinary case copied, with a memorandum in brackets as to the number of lines in each transcript. Pieces of unusual interest, Nos. 12, 15, 44, 60, and 75, are printed in full. Numbers have been attached by me to each item of the transcripts to facilitate reference: first lines are printed in italics for the same reason: titles of pieces are put into spaced type. After the text is a series of explanatory notes of identifications of the ballads and poems. These are followed by two chapters discussing the problems of the transcripts.

## THE TRANSCRIPTS

1. *There lives a landwart laird in Fife*  
And he has married a dandily wife

. . . . .  
But weel may I skelp my ain wether's skin.

(12 lines)

2. The noble riddle Wisely expounded, or the  
Maids answer to the Knights 3 questions.

From a large volume of Bl. Letter Ballads in the Bodleian Lib. at Oxford of y<sup>e</sup> latter part of Charles the Second's Reign, which are bound up together, p. 299.

*There was a Lady of the North Country*

(Say the bent to the bonny broom)

And she had lovely daughters three

fa la la la, fa la la la ra re .

. . . . .  
Thy suit fair maid shall not be denyed

(22 lines)

## 3. Song from Covent Garden Drollery.

Since it is become a fashion  
To court all with equal passion

Keep a guard against surprises (20 lines)

## 4. Harl. MS. 293. The Songe of his Honour The Earl of Essex as appears from a note on the back of the leaf songe the nighte before he died.

*O heavenly god! O father dere!*

In heaven a dwellinge place. Amen.

(48 lines)

## 5. Epigramme from Harl. MS. 367.

The stony grownd that laught the plough.

Who settes by dotinge age?

(60 lines)

## 6. Note on the word mazer.

*And when they then syt at the wyne*

And so fayr promys makyth them fayn.

(11 lines)

Poem of Alchemy in the hand of John Howe, Harl. MS. 367.

## 7. From a small MS Collection in Mr. Bouchers possession.

A Resolution to forsake Women

*I made a covenant with my hart*

But here will lye and die alone

(20 lines)

8. Songe. *Eyes look off there's no beholding*

As to have their heaven denied.

Francis Beaumont.

(16 lines)



9. Songe. *When my heart seemes most ingaged*

· · · · ·  
 Love hath wings and loves to range  
 I love those that love to change.

(18 lines)

See Horaces Ode.

## 10. Advice to a Young Lover.

*Sillye boye 'tis full moone yet*

· · · · ·  
 Or winters fatale thunder.

(24 lines)

## 11. Songe. By Sir Walter Raleigh. Ritson, v. 1, p. 18.

*Wronge not deare Empresse of my heart*

· · · · ·  
 Deserves a dubble pittie.

(20 lines)

## 12. Songe.

*Great and proude if shee deryde me*

Lett her goe, I'll not despaire

Eare tomorrowe Ile provide mee

One as great, less proude, more faire;

Those that seek love to constraine

Have their labor for their paine.

2

Those that strongly can importune

And will neither faint nor tyer

Gaine, they saye, in spight of Fortune

But such gaines Ile not desier:

Where the prize is shame or sinn

Winners loose, and losers winn.

3

Looke upon the constant lover

Greefe stands painted in his face;

Grones, and sighs, and teares discover

That they are his onely grace:

Thaie will weepe as children doe

That will in this fation woee.

## 4

I that hate those idle fancies  
 Which my dearest rest betraye  
 Warn'd by others' harmful chances  
 Use my freedom as I may :  
 When the world saith all it can  
 'Tis but " O inconstant man."!

13. Upon the Queen of Bohemia, by Sir John  
 Harrington, [*—in another hand*] By Sir H. Wotton.

*Ye twinckling starrs that in the night*

Th' Eclipse & Glory of her Kinde.

(20 lines)

14. To his too Coy Mistress Carew.

*Think not, 'cause men flattering say*

Kinde to your-selfe, though not to mee!

(26 lines)

15. Sonnet. On his Mistress as she sate sleeping.

*Sing soft, ye pretty birds, whilst Cealia sleepest*

And gentle gales play gently with the leaves

Learne of the neighbour brookes, whose silent deepes,

Would teach him feare that her soft sleepe bereaves.

Myne oten reade devoted to her praise

A theme that would befit the Delphian Lyre

Now mute as midnight bee; & ye my laies

Give waie, that I in silence may admire:

Is not her sleepe like that of innocents

Sweet as her-selfe, and is she not more faire

(Almost in death) then are the ornaments

Of fruitfulle trees, which newly budding are?

She is: and tell it Truth when shee shall lye

And sleepe for ever, for she cannot dye.

## 16. On Musick by William Stroude.

*When whispering straines with creeping winde*  
 . . . . .

And change his soule for Harmony!

(27 lines)

17. There are many other little pieces by the author of the above exquisite relict; and some of them are not without beauties; but they have too much of the affected prettiness and quaintness of conceit which was then fashionable. The following unfortunate verses on the same subject with the foregoing (and which come immediately after them in the MS) I shall insert for the amusement of the reader; as the admirable delicacy and beauty of the preceding will by contrast show their unnatural quaintness in a more glaring light.

*When Orpheus sweetely did complaine*  
 . . . . .

As men alive do saints above.

(24 lines: by Stroude)

18. Verses Upon Westwell Great Elme standing at Goodman Berrye's Gate at the farme within two miles of Burforde in Oxfordshire; beeing the dancing Tree at Whitsontide. By William Stroude.

*Pray thee, stand still a while, and vne this tree*  
 . . . . .

I'me sure by this time it deserves my song

Willyam Stroude.

(96 lines)

19. The Pharyes Clothing by Sir Simion Steward. Immediately preceding this little trif[le] is the Pharyes Supper by Robert Herrick some parts of which is pleasing enough, for instance:

*A little mushroom table spread*  
 . . . . .

He fully quafes up to bewich

His blood to height &c.

(34 lines)

## The Pharyes Clothing

*When the monthly horned queene*

· · · · ·  
To leave faire water in the pott.

Sir Simion Steward

(60 lines)

20. Song from a Coll. of Songs & Sonnets in MS in the  
Brit. Musæum, Bibl. Harl. 2127. Plut.  $\frac{8}{vi}$  C.

*Go thye waie; since thou wilt goe*

· · · · ·  
No I dare not; no, no, least I dye (30 lines)

21. Song Id. ibid. By Colonel Lovelace. See Percy.

*When love with unconfined wings*

· · · · ·  
Enjoy such libertie (32 lines)

[*In pencil*] By Col. Lovelace. See Percy, v. 2, p. 3.

22. Dispraise of Love & lovers folly Id. ibid.  
[*In another or a reviser's hand*] By Francis Davidson.  
Ritson vol. 1. p. 126.

*If love be life, I longe to dye*

· · · · ·  
In peace & yet in strife. (24 lines)

23. Song Id. Ibid.

*No more clorendy shall thy charmes*

· · · · ·  
Since love's of such a mind (bis). (21 lines)

24. A Pennyworth of Wit

*In ancient years as books express*

Of old done deeds both more or less

· · · · ·  
They both did thank God for his grace  
And after liv'd in happy case. (160 lines)

25. From Choyce Drollery. London 1656

*'Tis not how witty nor how free.*

Nor pirate tho' a prince hee bee! (18 lines)

26. Sweet Willy o Liddisdale.

*Sweet Willie the flower of Liddisdale*

That sall thy burnin heart inflame.

(124 lines, some alterations)

27. ——— or care where y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>u</sup> gon

Y<sup>u</sup> sal hafe y ———

———— kyng so clere

Bryng us to yi ——— (279 lines)

28. [Reversed and endorsed in another hand] La superstition littéraire assez semblable à une autre, admire sans choix & sans mesure ce que dans l'enfance on lui a dit d'admirer: elle est plus commune aujourd'hui que l'on ne pense

Mercier, *Bonnet de Nuit*

Tom. 1, p. 184.

29. *Oh Lorde how the herte in my bealie doth hoppe*  
When I here that serving men be come to town

Drynke freely to the merie good serving man

(46 lines)

Finis quod Thomas Emley

Imprinted in London at Foster Lane by John Waley

30. An Epitaph upon the death of the worshipfull  
Maister Benedict Spinola Merchant of Genoa  
& free Denizon of England, who dyed on  
Tuesday the 12<sup>th</sup> of Julie, 1580. Printed at  
London by Thomas East. Miscel. of K. James I, F. 69.

*Amongst the states of Italie*

That stand & strive for fame

. . . . .  
With Christ & thee in Heaven above  
My Spinola thus farewell

R. B. (80 lines)

31. Mount Taraghs Triumph 5 July, 1626 To the  
tune of the Carcere B. L.<sup>1</sup> Imprinted at Dublin.

*King Charles be thou blest*

. . . . .  
Yee B<sup>ns</sup> Visc<sup>ts</sup> Earles give thanks to K. C.  
Who caus'd this assembly mot<sup>t</sup> royall  
God Save the King

Imprinted at Dublin. (58 lines)

32. A Dolefull Ditty or Sorowful Sonet of the  
Lord Darly, sometime King of Scots, Nevew  
to the noble and worthy King Henry the  
eyght & is to be song to the tune of blacke  
& yellowe.

Miscel. of K. James I. v. 9. F. Art. 66.

*My hand open proced to write*

A wofull tale to tell

. . . . .  
And graunte that never traytours false  
About her highnesse hide  
Wo &c &c<sup>2</sup>

Finis H. C. (150 lines)

Imprinted at London by Thomas Gosson Dwelling in  
Paternoster Rowe next to the Signe of the Castell.

<sup>1</sup> Black Letter.

<sup>2</sup> Refrain as given in first verse—

Wo worth, wo worth, wo worth them al  
Wo worth to them I say  
Wo &c  
&c                      alway.

## 33. Newes from Northumberland

From Miscel. Q. Eliz. K. J. &amp; K. C. 1.

F. 49-30

This geare goythe well and better it shall  
 For triall will tell the Treson of Ball.  
*Now whispering fellowes, that walke every wheare.*

· · · · ·  
 God of his mercie mend thease dayes  
 and her preserve that seekes the waies, &c.

(75 lines)

Finis Qd W. Elderton

¶ Imprinted at London in fleetestreate Beneath the  
 Conduit & the signe of S. John Evangelist, by  
 Thomas Colwell.

[Three shields—a rudely outlined sketch—arms not recognizable.]

## 34. A Songe betweene the Queenes majestie &amp; England. Miscel Q. Eliz. J. 1. &amp; C. 1. F. 42-26

E.

*Come over the born, bessy, Come, &c*

· · · · ·

Both.

All honor laud & praise | be to the lord god alwaies  
 Who hath all princes hartes in his handes  
 that by his powre & might | he may gide them aright  
 For the Welth of all Christen landes (88 lines)

Finis. quod Wylliam Birche

God Save the Quene.

Imprinted at London by William Pickeringe, dwelling  
 under Saynt Magnus Church.

## 35. An Epitaph upon the Deth of Kyng Edward

Miscel. Q. El. J. 1 &amp; C. 1. F. 20-13

*A neue pleasure*

Gone is our treasure

· · · · ·

By sea & by lande

Lord preserve her both day & nighte.  
 God save the Kinge & the Queene.

(90 lines)

¶ Imprinted at London in Holburne nere to the Cundite  
 at the signe of the Sarcins head by John Charlewood  
 & John Tysdale.

## 36. A new ballade of the Marigolde

Miscel. Q. Eliz. J. 1. C. 1. Fol. 21-14.

*The God above for man's delight*  
 . . . . .

As in thy courte it is unrolde  
 Wee all (as one) to love her Grace

That is our Queene, this marigolde. (112 lines)

God save the Queene

Quod William Forest Preest

Imprinted at London in Aldersgate Strete by Richard Lant.

37. A Balade specifieng the maner partly the  
 matter in the most excellent meetynge and  
 lyke mariage betweene our Soveraigne Lord  
 and our Soveraigne Lady the Kinges and  
 Queenes highnes. Pende by John Heywod.  
 F. 22-15

B.L. Without points except a few

Misc. Q. Eliz. J. 1. C. 1.

*The egles byrde hath spred his wings*  
 . . . . .

To make us meete tobtayne this case

(84 lines)

Imprinted at London by Wyllyam Ryddel

38. A breefe balettouching the traytorous takynge  
 of Scarborow Castell: by Thomas Stafford

Written

24 Aprilis 1557 A° 3 et 4. P. & M.

*Oh valiaunt invaders gallants gaie*  
 . . . . .



Continued so in perpetuitee

We lettyng theyr S. C<sup>s</sup>

ings<sup>1</sup>

(84 lines)

Finis quod J. Heywood.

Imprinted at London in fleetestrete by Tho. Powell  
cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.

39. A balade agaynst malycyous Sclaunderers

Misc Q. Eliz. J. 1. C. 1. F 9-2

*Heve and how rumbelow thou art to blame*

Trolle into the right way agayne for shame

And they that wold otherwise God send them  
shame.

(84 lines)

Finis

Prentyd at London in Lombard Strete nere unto the  
Stockes market at the Sygne of the Mermayde by John  
Gough

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum

O domine in virtute tua letabitur rex &c

40. A Balad Intituled the Dekaye of the Duke.

F. 19. Miscel K. James I. v 9

You see by good Triall what comes of the Duke  
Turne yet to the Diall of Gods holie Booke

*Our people of England that hold with the Pope*

May see the preferments that followe the same

God prosper the Queene her nobles & frendes

Her subjectes assured of everie degree

And God of his goodness shorten the endes

Of all her offenders if anie more bee

(700 lines)

Refrain in earlier verse—

We lettyng theyr S[carborow] C[astel]s [alone]  
And take Scarborow] warnyngs [everichone]

Finis q<sup>d</sup> W Elderton

Imprinted at London in fleetstreate beneath the Conduit,  
at the Signe Signe (sic) of Saynt John Evangelist by  
Thomas Colwell.

41. This exquisite little song is from Beaumont & Fletcher's  
*Queen of Corinth* . . .

*Weep no more nor sigh nor groan*

Sorrow recalls no time that's gone

. . . . .

Gentlest fair mourn mourn no moe.

(10 lines)

42. *Go Briton bear thy lion's whelp off safely*  
Thy manly sword has ransom'd thee; grow strong  
Then let me meet thee once again in arms  
Then if thou standst, thou'rt mine. I took his offer  
And here I am to honour him. (whole quotation)

43. *Like boding owls creep into t[?]<sup>1</sup> of ivy*  
And hoot their fears to one another nightly  
(whole quotation)

44. Tho<sup>s</sup> Rymer & the Queen of Elfland.

(Thomas when very young was carried away by the  
Queen of Elfland & detained seven years, during which  
he learned all his wisdom)

[1] *True Thomas lay o'er yon grassy bank*

And he beheld a lady gay

A lady that was brisk & bold

Come riding o'er the fernie brae

[5] *Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,*

Her mantle of the velvet fine

At ilka tate o' her horses mane

Hang fiftie siller bells & nine

[9] *True Thomas he took off his hat*

And bowed him low down till his knee

All heal, thou mighty Queen of Heaven

For y<sup>r</sup> like on earth I never did see

<sup>1</sup> Word illegible: the letters look like 'toels'.

- [13] O no, o no true Thomas she says  
 That name does not belong to me  
 I am but the Queen of fair Elfland  
 And I am come here to visit thee
- [17] But ye maun go with me now Thomas  
 True Thomas ye maun go wi me  
 For ye maun serve me seven years  
 thro weel & wae as may chance to be
- [21] She turn'd about her milk-white steed  
 And took true Thomas up behind  
 And ay whaneer her bridle rang  
 her steed flew swifter than the wind
- [25] O they rade on, & farther on  
 untill they came to a garden green  
 Licht down, licht down ye lady free  
 Some of that fruit let me pu[ll] to thee
- [29] O no, o no, true Thomas she says  
 That fruit maun not be touched by thee  
 For a the plagues that are in hell  
 licht on the fruit of this countree
- [33] But I have a loaf here in my lap  
 Likewise a bottle of claret Wine  
 And now ere we go further on  
 we'll rest a while & ye may dine
- [37] When he had eaten and drank his fill,  
 The lady said, ere we climb yon hill  
 Lay down your head upon my knee  
 & I will shaw you ferlies three
- [41] O see ye not yon narrow road  
 so thick beset wi thorns & briers  
 That is the path o' richteousness  
 Tho' after it theres few *that speirs*
- [45] And see not ye y<sup>t</sup> braid braid road  
 That lies a-cross yon lillie leven  
 That is the path of Wickedness  
 tho' some call it y<sup>e</sup> road to heaven
- [49] And see not you y<sup>t</sup> bonny road  
 that winds about y<sup>e</sup> fernie brae

*inquires  
 orig.*

- That is y<sup>e</sup> road to fair Elfland  
 Where you & I the nicht maun gae  
 [53] But Thomas ye maun hold y<sup>r</sup> tongue  
 Whatever you may hear o[r see—(*frayed away*)]  
 For gin ae word ye should chance to speak  
 You will ne'er get back [to] your ain countree  
 [57] For forty days and forty nights  
 He wade thro' red blood to the knee  
 And he saw neither sun nor moon,  
 But heard the roaring of the sea.  
 [61] He has gotten a coat of the even cloth  
 And a pair of shoes of velvet g[reen—*frayed*]  
 And till seven years were past & gone,  
 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

## 45. Jellon Graem &amp; Lillie Flower

*O Jellon Graeme sat in silverwood He whistled &  
 he sang*

*O mercy mercy Jellon Graem For I'm nae prepar'd  
 to die*

(18 double lines)

46. <sup>1</sup>V. 1, p. 23 Pepys

Ballad of Joy on Q. Mary being with Child.  
 Bl. Lett. Written from a Copy Imprinted at London in  
 Lumbarde strete at the Signe of the Eagle by Wylyyam  
 Ryddaell.

Chor.

*Now Singe, now springe, our care is exiled  
 Our vertuous Quene is quickned with child*

## 47. The New Broom

*Pore Coridon did sometime sit hard by the Broome  
 alone:*

But secretly complaind to it  
 against his only one.

<sup>1</sup> This is the first entry on a quarto sheet of paper comprising a series of memoranda and short extracts forming items Nos. 46 to 60. They are here fully transcribed from the MS. The paper bears a watermark date 1803.

He bids the Broom that blooms him by  
 beare witnes to his wrong  
 And thinking that none else was nie  
 he thus began his song:  
 The bonny Broome, the well-favour'd Broome  
 the broome bloomes faire on hill &c.

Vol. 1, p. 40.

Death's Dance. V. 1, p. 56.

48. Wonder in Kent—about Eating, rather long, not very good. V. 1, p. 72.

49. Alfred & the Shepherd. V. 1, p. 76.

50. Ballad of 2 Lovers. V. 1, p. 338.

51. Penny Merriments. p. 77. Sir John Barley Corn

52. Wallace 12<sup>mo</sup> along with it is the Battle of Glenlivet beginning

*Frae Dunnotter to Aberdeen*

I raise & tooke the way—1681

53. Ibid. The Friar and boy—not bad.

54. The Wind hath blown my plaid away, in Wallace and sub fine. Bl. Lett.

55. Pepys Ballads. Vol. [*not stated*] pp. 426 & 470 & 471.  
 John Barleycorn; & next page Mault &c to be taken ———

56. Old Christmass Vol. 1, p. 474–5.

57. The Man in the Moon drinks claret &c

*"Bacchus the father of Drunken Nowles" &c*

V. 1, p. 507.

58. A Weeks Loving Wooing & Wedding. Pepys.  
 V. 3, p. 39.

59. Scotch Maggy's Misfortune (Licentious) V. 3  
 p. 288 to be transcribed.

60. Short Song upon A Sigh being the Last in "Cupid's Garland set round with Golden Roses": in the Second volume of Penny Merriments in the Pepys Collection. p. 926.

<i>It is but in vain</i>	2
With sighs to complain,	Let others lament,
And unto my self	For I am content,
Strange passions to	I can love for an hour,
frame:	Till my humour is spent,
For I will be careless	But when it is past,
Untill I do dye,	All love I defie,
Let others grow love	For tho' some grow love-
sick	sick,
Yet so will not I	Yet so will not I.

61. The New Balow<sup>1</sup>

(From Major Pearson's Coll<sup>n</sup> V. 2, p. 573. B. Lett

*Balow my babe: weep not for me*

. . . . .

For if she do O cruel thou

Would wrong them [her]—O who can tell how.

(78 lines)

62. The West Country Jigg or Trenchmore Galliard  
To a merry Scotch Tune, Or, Up with Aley Aley

63. The little Barley Corne

To the tune of Stingo— Pearson Coll. V. 1, p. 214

*Come and doe not musing stand*

. . . . .

Yet you shall think it no disgrace

This little Barly-Corne.

(80 lines)

64. A Health to all good fellows. Vol. 1, 150.

<sup>1</sup> Nos. 61-68 are on sheets of foolscap watermarked alternately with *John Howard, Surry (sic)* and a figure of Britannia holding apparently a fleur-de-lis.

65. Christmas Lamentation, for the losse of his acquaintance shewing how he is forst to leave the Country and come to London

To the tune of "Now Spring is come" Bl. Lett. in Major Pearson in the Library of the late D. of Roxburghe. V. 1, p. 48.

*Christmas is my name, farre have I gone*

Have I gone &c (3 times)

Without regard

. . . . .

Welladay &c

Where should I stay? (40 lines)

66. Part 2<sup>d</sup>

*Pride and Luxury they doe devoure &c  
housekeeping quite*

. . . . .

Where shd I stay (24 lines)

67. Vol. 1, p. 452 to be taken—p. 208

Barley Corne, v. 1, p. 214

*Mas Mault he is a Gentleman*

And hath beene since the world began &c

V. 1, p. 342

68. Lullaby V. 1, p. 387—V. 2, p. 99.

In Major Pearson's Collection of Ballads, V. 2, p. 343, is a copy of this Ballad in Bl. Letter entituled "The Merry Wooing of Robin & Joane, the West Country Lovers" which ends thus

*Ise Vaith, Ise am no vool Ise zay*

. . . . .

And prithe Robin set the day

And wees c'en both be married (16 lines)

V. 2, p. 236.

69. In praise of Sack. p. 293

*Fetch me Ben Johnson's scull, & fill't with sack*

. . . . .

Write myself sober and fall to't again (84 lines)

## 70. Catch, of Good and Bad wives

*Some wives are good and some are bad*  
 (Reply "Methinks you touch them now")

Thus of my song I make an end  
 Hoping all women will amend (18 lines)

## 71. The Nose

*Three merry lads met at the Rose*  
 To speak in praises of the Nose

Invention now is barren grown  
 The Matter's out the nose is blown. (57 lines)

## 72. Of all the recreations which attend to human nature.

I'll bait my hook with Wit again, And Angle still to  
 please you (42, mainly double, lines)

## 73. The Bow-goose's Last Will

*'Twas thus the dying Goose began*

Who woos to be their Constant Muse For ever  
 (43 lines)

## 74. Love's Fancy

*After the pains of a desperate Lover*

Ah what a joy to hear it again (18 lines)

## 75. Catch of the Beggars

*From hunger and cold who lives more free*  
 Or who lives a merrier life than we?  
 Our bellies are full, and our backs are warm  
 And against all pride our rags are a charm:  
 Enough is a feast, & for tomorrow  
 Let rich men care, we feel no sorrow.

The city & town, and every village  
 Afford us an alms or a pillage:



And if the weather be cold and raw  
 Then in a barn we tumble in straw:  
 If fair and warm, in yea-cock & nay-cock  
 The fields afford us an hedge or a hay-cock.

## 76. Good Advice against Treason

*But since it was lately enacted High Treason*  
 . . . . .

And the quart-pots shall be buckets to quench them  
 p. 216. (45 lines)

## 77. The Virtues of Wine

*Let souldiers fight for praise and pay*  
 . . . . .

And kindness springs from Cups brim-full.  
 (31 lines)

## 78. Merry Drollerie 1670 London.

Canary Crowned. p. 121

*Come let's purge our brains from hops and grains*  
 . . . . .

Canaries' Coronation (60 lines)

## 79. Epigrams, from "Wits Recreations" London 1641.

*Drawer with thee now even is thy wine*  
 . . . . .

At home, poor man, goes supperless to bed  
 (15 lines)

80. Canto from the above Coll<sup>a</sup>

*Let no poet critic in his ale*  
 . . . . .

A good man's in a fryers cap.

A Plural head of Multitude  
 Will make good hodg podg when 'tis stude  
 Now I have done my honest red  
 And brought my Matter to a head.

(60 lines)

81. Memoranda to be carried to Sir F. Eden's  
Library for Scarborough Warning—*Rays Proverbs*  
Guide Wallace—*Scots Musæ*.  
The Water King—*Tales of Wonder*.

82. Thom<sup>a</sup>s off Erssildoune<sup>1</sup>

*Lystns Lordyngs bothe grete & smale*

.... rounde w<sup>t</sup> a crowne of brere

.... nge us to his hevene so hye (520 lines)

Amen.

Explicit Thomas of Ersiledown

83. Childe Maurice<sup>2</sup>

*Childe Maurice hunted ithe silven (sic) wood*  
he hunted it round about

soe have I done one of the fairest Ladyes  
Y<sup>t</sup> ever ware womans weede

ffinis

[*On margin.*]

From the old folio so often quot. in the Reliques of ancient English Poetry 3 vol. 12<sup>mo</sup>.

[*On last page in same hand as the marginal note.*]

The name of *John Stewart* &c plainly proves this to have been originally a Scottish Composition but miserably corrupted by the English itinerant Singers or Minstrels from the Mouth of one of whom it was apparently written down.

The cross lines to divide the stanzas were not originally in the old folio Manuscript, whence this is copied, & wherein it occurs in page 346

The Transcript is made with care from y<sup>e</sup> original & with minute attention to all its peculiarities

[Endorsed] Child Maurice

<sup>1</sup> No. 82 is on six large pages folded up. They measure about 14 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches by 9 inches. Watermark of one leaf is a crown with panel or shield enclosing a hunting-horn.

<sup>2</sup> No. 83 is on a sheet (four pages) of foolscap watermarked with a figure of Britannia and <sup>E</sup><sub>1797</sub>.





## NOTES OF SOME IDENTIFICATIONS, ETC.

No. 1. The 'landwart laird in Fife' is edited in Francis James Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, v. 106, where it is repeated from Robert Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* (1806), i. 324.

No. 2. The 'noble riddle' is edited in Child's *Ballads*, i. 3.

No. 4. Song of the Earl of Essex, 'O heavenly God'. This piece occurs in *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises*, No. 98, and is there assigned to F. Kindlemarshe. The Cowie version has four additional lines:

Alas! I sithe, alas I sobe  
And alas I do repent  
That ever my licentious will  
Soe wickedly was bente.

No. 7. 'I made a covenant' is edited in Robert Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* (1806), ii. 297.

No. 8. 'Eyes look off': edited in Robert Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, 1806, ii. 297, but without the attribution to Francis Beaumont.

No. 9. 'When my heart' is edited in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 301.

No. 10. 'Sillye boye' is also edited in Jamieson, ii. 303.

No. 11. The reference is to Ritson's *Select Collection of English Songs*, first published in 1783. Text varies from Ritson's: e.g. Ritson has 'sweet mistress' and the transcript has 'dear Emprise'. It is the text of Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 291.

No. 12. 'Great and proude' is edited in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 293.

No. 13. The famous lines to Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia vary from the received text. See further remarks near the close of chap. II (p. 137) of this paper.

No. 14. 'Think not 'cause men': edited in Ebsworth's *Poems of Thomas Carew*, 1893, p. 2, where the song has 84 lines.

No. 15. 'Sing soft': not found in Ebsworth's edition of Carew's *Poems*.

Nos. 16, 17 and 18, assigned to William Stroude, are presumably by William Strode, who flourished 1602-1645. No. 16, 'On Musick', is edited in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 295.

No. 19. 'The Pharyes Supper' is better known as 'Oberon's Feast', by Herrick in the *Hesperides*.

No. 20. 'Go thye waie' is edited in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 307.

No. 21. Richard Lovelace's well-known song ('Stone walls do not a prison make') 'To Althea from Prison'. The note 'See Percy' no doubt refers to the fact that this song was edited in the *Reliques*, Bk. vi, no. x. It occurs in the *Percy Folio MS.*, ii. 19.

No. 22. 'If love be life': edited in Ritson's *English Songs*.

No. 23. 'No more Clorendy' (*sic*) is edited in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 305.

No. 24. For various references to *Pennyworth of Wit* or *A Choice Pennyworth of Wit* see *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 479, ix. 805.

No. 25. 'Tis not how witty' is edited in R. Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* (1806), ii. 309.

No. 26. 'Willie of Liddesdale' is in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 179. It was his own poem.

No. 27. This is a defective version of *Thomas of Erceuldoun*. The most recent editions of that poem are Sir James A. H. Murray's *Thomas of Erceuldoun*, E. E. T. S. 1875, and *Thomas of Erceuldoun*, herausgegeben von Alois Brandl, Berlin, 1880. The lines embraced in Mr. Cowie's MS., including the portion of the poem from line 312 to the end, differ in small details from the MS. sources used by Murray and Brandl. Unfortunately the original copy followed had been damaged at the edges of the paper or parchment from which it was taken, for lines drawn by the transcriber throughout evidently signify *caetera desunt* on at least every other line. In short, this is a transcript of the sadly burnt and injured Cottonian MS. For a complete copy in another version see No. 82. Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 3-43, editing the poem utilized three versions, the Cambridge MS., the Lincoln MS., and the Cottonian.

No. 28. Louis Sébastien Mercier's *Mon bonnet de nuit*, published 1784.

No. 29. The 'Serving-man husband' as printed in the Percy Society's volume, *Early English Poetry*, 1840, p. 23, contains fourteen stanzas, of which the seven concluding stanzas only are given in the Cowie transcript. There is practically no disagreement between the two versions.

No. 30. Benedict Spinola, a well-known and busy merchant and money-lender (Queen Elizabeth borrowed from him), appears very frequently in the State Papers in connexion with financial transactions. See *Calendar, Domestic*, 1547-1580; also A. F. Pollard, *Political History*, 1547-1603, p. 164.

No. 31. 'Mount Taragh's Triumph' is a burst of song expressive of the hopes of settlement in Ireland raised by the deputy, Viscount Falkland's summoning of a parliament for August 1626, to sanction a compromise. Of course, being an Irish proceeding, the 'triumph' of Tara failed: the parliament ended by being found incompetent, and the scheme proved abortive. None of the histories, &c., of the episode accessible to me at present appear to mention this singular ballad evidently originating between the date of the proclamation and the parliament.

No. 32. This Doleful Ditty of Darnley was printed in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. x, p. 264, and has been annotated by Professor Firth in *Royal Historical Society Transactions*, third series, vol. iii (1909), p. 76, and by Mr. N. L. Frazer in *English History in Contemporary Poetry*, No. iii, *The Tudor Monarchy*, p. 34. It is regarded as a garbled expansion of a short piece entitled 'Earle Bodwell', of which one version occurs in *Percy's Folio MS.*, ed. Hales and Furnivall, ii. 260.

No. 33. William Elderton, a dissolute ballad-maker, a London attorney, probably a native of Northumberland, flourished under Queen Elizabeth, and died, it is conjectured, circa 1592. Pieces of his have been more or less inaccessibly printed in divers places. Some notes regarding him by

Mr. J. C. Hodgson and others appear in *Scottish Historical Review*, x. 220. See also No. 40, *infra*. The present poem, 'Newes from Northumberland', is printed in *Harleian Miscellany*, x. 267. It was first edited in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 210.

No. 34. This duett or 'Songe' of England and Queen Elizabeth is printed in *Harleian Miscellany*, x. 260, and annotated by Professor Firth, *op. cit.* p. 70.

No. 35. This 'Epitaph', printed in *Harleian Miscellany*, x. 252, and in Percy Soc. *Early English Poetry* (1840), p. 17, is annotated by Professor Firth, *op. cit.* p. 58. The Cowie transcript has a bad reading in the opening words 'A newe pleasure' instead of 'Adewe pleasure.'

No. 36. This 'Marigold' ballad, printed in *Harleian Miscellany*, x. 253, and annotated by Professor Firth, *op. cit.* p. 63, is edited in *Old English Ballads*, 1553-1625, by Hyder E. Rollins: Cambridge, 1920, p. 8. William Forest, a chaplain of Queen Mary, was a musician. Collation discloses almost perfect agreement, but the following divergences may be noted: Stanza 7, 'properlee' (Rollins), 'propertee' (Cowie): 'with cause why' (Rollins), 'with out cause why' (Cowie); stanza 14, 'so to concorde' (Rollins), 'so concord' (Cowie). This ballad was first edited in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 215.

No. 37. John Heywood, to whom Nos. 37 and 38 are assigned, is supposed to have been born *circa* 1497, and to have died *circa* 1580. This Philip and Mary ballad was printed in *Harleian Miscellany*, 1813, x. 255, and annotated by Professor Firth, *op. cit.* p. 63. It was first published in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 221.

No. 38. The Scarborough Castle ballad which was printed in *Harleian Miscellany*, x. 257, had previously appeared in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 226: it concerns the exploit of Thomas Stafford, who in 1557 with a handful of Frenchmen captured the castle by surprise, but was shortly afterwards taken prisoner and hanged. The episode is referred to in Camden's *Britannia*. In John Heywood's *Proverbs, Epigrams and Miscellanies* (ed. Farmer, 1906, p. 43), the proverb is quoted, 'scarb'rough warning I had, quoth he'. It means absence of warning: no warning.

No. 40. 'Dekaye of the Duke': printed in *Harleian Miscellany*, x. 270, and annotated by Professor Firth, *op. cit.* p. 88. See No. 33, *supra*, another ballad by W. Elderton: also see note *supra* on No. 33 and add *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-on-Tyne* for 1911, 3rd series, v. 176.

No. 41. *Queen of Corinth* was ascribed by Dyce to Fletcher and Rowley, but the collaborations are uncertain. In Dyce's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher this song is printed, vol. v, p. 448, Act iii, scene 2 of the play. In the second line Dyce's version reads 'calls' where the Cowie transcript has the better reading 'recalls'.

No. 44. *Thomas Rhymer and Queen of Elfland* with differences from the present version was edited in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, 1802-3, and in

Child's *Ballads*, i. 323. The version now printed, forming 32 double lines as written, differs in several details from that in the *Border Minstrelsy*, and in some respects also from the first version presented by Child. But it agrees almost word for word with the special version given by Robert Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads and Songs* (1806), ii. 7. The following differences, however, deserve to be noted :

line 1 has 'yon': Jamieson has 'yonder.'

30 has 'maun not': Jamieson 'maun no'.

33 has 'loaf': Jamieson 'laef'.

34 has 'claret': Jamieson 'clarry.'

39 has 'Lay down': Jamieson 'Lay.'

45 has 'And see not ye y<sup>t</sup> braid braid road': Jamieson 'And see ye not yon braid braid road.'

Concordances of spelling are notable, including 'tate', 'drank' (not 'drunk'), 'shaw': but the scribe in line 48 writes 'Tho' after it theres few *that speirs*' although he superscribes the words 'inquires orig.', showing that the MS. he followed was in accordance with Jamieson, whose reading is 'Though after it there's few inquires.'

These notes in this particular transcript are made thus minute because, as is known from Scott's introduction to the ballad, he used a manuscript of Mrs. Brown. This was communicated, as shown by Child, to Scott by A. Fraser Tytler. It almost seems that the source of the version now under scrutiny may have been another MS. of Mrs. Brown's copy of this fascinating and important ballad. The leading difference between it and that (No. 1) edited by Child is in the transposition in Child's version of the verse here forming lines 57-60. Child prints this verse, with differences, at an earlier place in the poem.

No. 45. A version of *Jellon Graeme* with differences from the present apparently incomplete text occurs in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*. Various renderings are given in Child's *Ballads*, ii. 302.

No. 46. This Queen Mary 'Ballad of Joy' was edited in *Scottish Historical Review* (1912), ix. 361, by Professor Firth, and in 1920 in Rollins's *Old English Ballads*, 1553-1625, p. 19.

No. 47. The 'New Broom' is edited in *Roxburghe Ballads*, ix. 586: see also note in vi. 586.

No. 51. This song 'Sir John Barleycorn' is in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 251, and at page 298 there is another reference to the 'Penny Merriments'.

No. 52. 'The Battle of Glenlivet' is edited in Robert Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* (1806), ii. 144.

No. 54. The actual copy of 'The Wind hath blown my plaid away' is cited in Child's *Ballads*, i. 6, and edited in i. 15.

No. 56. See No. 65.

No. 57. 'Man in the Moon': edited in *Roxburghe Ballads*, ii. 256; with old woodcut in iv. 666.

No. 59. 'Scotch Maggy': edited in *Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 347.



No. 61. 'New Balow': edited in Evans's *Old Ballads Historical and Narrative*, new edition, 1810, i. 259. See also *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 577; and *Percy's Folio MS.*, iii. 515. Except for the heading, some differences of spelling, an omission of 'two very dull stanzas', and the word 'been' in place of 'bred' in stanza 11, the Cowie transcript tallies with the version of Evans.

No. 63. 'The Little Barleycorn': edited in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 343: cf. also 246, 469: and see ii. 312. Edited in Evans's *Old Ballads*, new edition, 1810, i. 156. The Cowie transcript corresponds to the first eight and the tenth and eleventh stanzas in Evans. One notable variation must be recorded. Evans (tenth stanza) reads:

'Twill make a weeping willow laugh  
And soon incline to pleasure

while the Cowie transcript much more intelligibly has it thus:

Twill make a weeping Widow laugh.

The transcript however tallies absolutely with the version edited in 1806, in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 259: the 'widow' is here all right.

No. 65. 'Christmas Lamentation': see also No. 56. The poem is edited in Rollins's *Old English Ballads*, 1553-1625, p. 372. The differences are considerable. The Rollins version opposing Catholic to Protestant or Puritan is probably later than that of the Cowie transcript, which opposes the 'Country Man' to the 'Citizen' and does not harp on sectarian divisions. The first five stanzas, however, in both versions are generally in accordance, but stanzas 6 and 7 of Rollins are absent from the Cowie transcript, which in lieu of them has the following sixth and concluding stanza:

Since Pride that came up with yellow starch, &c.  
Poor folkes doe want.  
And nothing the rich men will to them give, &c.  
But doe them taunt.  
For Charity from the country is fled  
And in her place hath left nought but need,  
Well a day!  
And corne is grown to so high a price  
It makes poore men cry with weeping eyes  
Well a day, &c.  
Where sh<sup>d</sup> I stay.

The poem, it must be added, is quoted in part in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 282, where four stanzas are given in a foot-note.

No. 67. 'Mas Mault': edited in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 244, and *Roxburghe Ballads*, ii. 379.

No. 68. 'Merry Wooing of Robin': edited in R. Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* (1806), i. 334.

No. 69. 'In praise of Sack': occurs in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge melancholy* (ed. 1719, iii. 327).

No. 70. This 'Catch' is edited in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 316.

No. 73. The satirical 'Bow-goose' emanates from the debtor's prison, to which his 'fellow pris'ners all' as well as 'Marshall red face' and their 'kindred of Bridewel' belong.

No. 81. Ray's *Proverbs*: see note to No. 38, *supra*. *Scots Museum*, ed. James Johnson, 1707-1803. *Tales of Wonder*, by M. G. Lewis, 1801. It may be noted that apropos his own poem 'The Water Woman,' Jamieson, *op. cit.* i. 231, discusses Lewis's 'Water-King'.

No. 82. See also No. 27, 'Thomas of Erceldoun', edited in Laing's *Early Popular Poetry of Scotland*, and more recently in Murray's *Thomas of Erceldoune*, F. E. T. S., 1875, and in Brandl's *Thomas of Erceldoune*, Berlin, 1880. The transcript is a full copy from the Thornton MS. at Lincoln. The first twenty-four lines are printed as a note in Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 4. See note *supra* on No. 27.

No. 83. 'Childe Maurice': edited in *Percy's Folio MS.*, ii. 500. The watermark date 1797 on the paper, although faint, is quite certain. 'Childe Maurice' was first edited in Jamieson, *op. cit.* i. 6.

## II. WHO COLLECTED THE TRANSCRIPTS?

The interesting search to identify the collector of these varied pieces from Cambridge, Oxford, the British Museum, and (to judge from several poems) from Scotland, may be prefaced with a brief explanation that the gathering was obviously made with a view to editing, or collating, or the like. How many handwritings there are it is not easy to determine. Items Nos. 1, 3, 44, 45, and 65 to 79 appear to be in one hand. Nos. 2, 4 to 25, probably also 29 to 40, and 46 to 63, seem to be in a different script. No. 26 and No. 27 also differ, and the docquet No. 28. Nos. 80 and 81 may one or other or both be in the same hand as 46 to 63. Nos. 82 and 83 are in quite separate and very individual hands, especially 83, which perhaps represents one hand for the text and another for the endorsement.

For its evidence of the provenance of at least part of the collection, the final item No. 83 just referred to, the transcript of 'Childe Maurice' is of peculiar importance, and a comparison with the text in *Percy's Folio MS.*, ii. 500, shows that the copyist of this extract was nearly as faithful as Hales and Furnivall themselves in rendering the peculiarities of the original. But there is one mistake: the stanza forming lines 89-92 in Hales and Furnivall the transcriber of this ballad has omitted.

His statement that he made his copy, or at least that the copy was made, from the original Folio MS. brings us sharply to the question who he was. It so happens that another manuscript in the fortunate hands of Mr. Cowie leaves very little dubiety upon that question. It is a foolscap volume of extreme interest as exhibiting that industrious servant of the Muses, Allan Ramsay, at work diligently copying Sir David Lindsay's *Interludes or Allegorical Plays*. He made his copy, as its opening page tells, from 'an old Manuscript Book belonging to Mr. William Carmichael of Skirling Advocat, which was written by Mr. George Bannatyne in the time of his youth Anno 1568'. This volume therefore adds to the record of Scottish literature the fact that besides his otherwise known direct editing of pieces from the Bannatyne Manuscript, Allan Ramsay made this transcript—a task evidently of no little difficulty to him—of Lindsay's plays. It was done in two instalments, sixty-seven pages of the transcript having been written in 1724, and the remaining forty-eight in 1743. Naturally this product of Allan's pen was valued by his family, as is evinced by the obviously defensive inscription put on the fly-leaf by or on behalf of his son in these terms :

This Manuscript belongs to Allan Ramsay of Harley Street.

Eldest son of the poet, Allan Ramsay Junior was born in 1713, studied painting, settled in London, and was appointed portrait painter to George III in 1767. He lent his father's transcript to Bishop Percy, as is proved by the Bishop's memorandum still attached to the fly-leaf. It is in these terms :

This MS. belongs to Allan Ramsey<sup>1</sup> Esq. Serjeant-Painter to the King and was lent by him to me

Thomas Percy

June 27<sup>th</sup> 1774.

There is no room for surprise that the Cowie MS. should represent more than one pen, and should draw upon

<sup>1</sup> *Sic.*

several ancient originals as far apart as London, Oxford, Cambridge, and Lincoln. Its comprehensiveness and universal character are, however, remarkable. It includes not only the grand MS. pieces 'Thomas the Rymer' and 'Childe Maurice', but also a capital series of black-letter elegies, songs, and satires concerning the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and Charles I, and a miscellany of song, grave and gay, amorous and convivial, culled apparently more from literary than historical motives. The one distinctively Scottish historical ballad (No. 32), on the murder of Darnley, is, it must be owned, a rather frigid performance. But, taken over all, the transcript collection under a fit editorial hand was capable of expanding considerably any previous conception of the province of the ballad as a contributory to English literature.

When the handwritings of the transcripts are compared there is scarcely room to doubt that the endorsement of the 'Childe Maurice' extract in the collection of transcripts is in the handwriting of the Bishop, as exhibited on the slip inserted in the Ramsay volume. His editorial labours did not terminate with the issue of the *Reliques*.

What further commentary should be offered? Perhaps only that certain questions might well be stated. Who was the main transcriber? Did the collection of transcripts come from the repositories of Bishop Percy? How many of them have been printed and how many contain readings of independent value, already printed or not?

The *Reliques*, it will be remembered, first appeared in 1765, and the fourth edition was brought out in 1794 by the Bishop's nephew Thomas Percy, D.C.L., who predeceased his uncle in 1808, the bishop surviving until 1811. The watermark date 1797 on the paper of No. 83 supplies a departure-point of time for the making of that extract from the Folio MS.

It is not possible in the present preliminary description of the piquant and suggestive contents of the collection to trace exhaustively the poems piece by piece, and record the publications of such as have been printed. Some effort in that direction and some rough collations will be found recorded in

the preceding Notes. A hasty visit to the British Museum spent over the monster Index of First Lines in manuscript proved not unfruitful in the ascertainment that transcripts Nos. 4, 5, 7, 11, 14, 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 25, 34, 41, 69, 71 (with marked differences), 74, 75, and 77 have British Museum originals available for critical comparison.

Certain pieces which a hasty search of printed sources has revealed include No. 13, the well-known lines of Sir Henry Wotton, 'Upon the Queen of Bohemia'. The transcript comes from 'A small MS. Collection in Mr. Boucher's possession,' which perhaps may be identifiable, and the version is noteworthy for two reasons, first because the original ascription to Sir John Harrington made by the copyist of the song has been changed by a subsequent annotator who substitutes Sir H. Wotton's name, although not deleting the earlier assignment. There is small problem on this score, for both Sir John Harrington, translator of the *Orlando Furioso*, and his cousin John Harrington, ambassador to Germany, first Baron Harrington, were dead half a dozen years before Elizabeth, daughter of James I, became Queen of Bohemia: which was in 1619. The correcting pen therefore has the right of it. Mr. Asquith's pleasing little address to our Association, *Sir Henry Wotton* (Pamphlet No. 44, August 1919), finely says of this song that it would win 'inevitable place even in the most fastidiously selected English anthology'. In the matter of text the first verse, differing considerably from current renderings, will bear quotation from what may be styled our copy:

Ye twinc kling starrs that in the night  
 Doe poorely satisfy our eyes,  
 More by your number than your light,  
 (But common-people of the skies)  
 What are ye when [the] moone dooth rise?

And for the sake of some verbal variants, and for its own daintiness, the last verse will bear quotation, too:

Such is my Princess to be seene,  
 In beauty of her face and minde;  
 By vertue first, then choice, a Queene;  
 Tell me yf shee were not desin'd  
 Th'Eclipse & Glory of her kinde?

Poets accredited rightly or wrongly as authors of pieces in the MSS. include R. B. (No. 30); Francis Beaumont (No. 8); Beaumont and Fletcher (No. 4); Wm. Birche (No. 34); H. C. (No. 32); [Thomas] Carew (No. 14); Francis Davidson (No. 22); Wm. Elderton (Nos. 33, 40); Thomas Emley (No. 29); Earl of Essex (No. 4—this ascription probably an error); Wm. Forest (No. 36); Sir John Harington (No. 13—this is an error, see Wotton); John Heywood (Nos. 37, 38); Col. [Richard] Lovelace (No. 21); Thomas Stafford (No. 38—this doubtless an error); Sir Simon Steward (No. 19); Wm. Stroude (Nos. 16, 17, 18); Sir Henry Wotton (No. 13).

References to projected further transcriptions will be noticed in the items here numbered 55, 59, 67 and 81, showing the process of copying in active progress. Repeated mention of Major Pearson's Collection needs no further remark than that its importance, well known to the Duke of Roxburghe, who acquired it at the Major's sale, was the subject of comment in R. H. Evans's 'advertisement' to the first volume of his new edition of his father Thomas Evans's *Old Ballads Historical and Narrative*, 1810. It was a time when the quest for texts was being eagerly pursued, and when, as Evans said, Percy's *Reliques* was receiving 'unbounded applause from men fully capable of appreciating its merits'—some of them, it must be interjected, capable also of very penetrative criticism of the Bishop's editorial practices. Evans on his title-page designated the book as 'A supplement to Percy's *Reliques*'.

The present transcripts were to all appearance made with a view to such a supplement. Who the transcribers and who the collector may have been has now become ascertainable. In the meantime it will suffice for the introducer of the discussion to express the view that while the name of Percy cannot be advanced as the actual collector of the whole, as at first supposed, the proof of intimate touch with the Bishop is virtually absolute in the endorsements of No. 83 and the indubitable use of the Bishop's Folio MS. Much to be desired would be the identification of some of the pieces which the present initial imperfect search has failed to trace. Intimation of any such identifications will be gratefully welcomed by me.

III. (*Postscript*) THE COLLECTOR IDENTIFIED.

Initial investigations did not suggest the identity of the transcriber or collector, and offered nothing to support any inference that the collection had been Bishop Percy's. Indeed, the words 'See Percy' on No. 21 were apparently negative to such an inference. It gradually became clear that that inference (except in so far that he contributed to the collection) must be discarded. Percy was a contributor; he was not the collector. Light on the subject came when rather late in the day Robert Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs* (1806) was examined. It was found that of the old pieces edited by Jamieson the texts of not fewer than five-and-twenty out of the entire hundred were in this volume of transcripts, thrown up after a century thus curiously on the 'bank and shoal of time'. These pieces duly pointed out in the preceding Notes are Nos. 1, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 16, 20, 25, 26, 27, 33, 36, 37, 38, 44 [see also 51], 52, 63, 65, 67, 68, 70, 82 and 83. Conversely out of the entire sixty-four transcripts (as distinguished from mere memoranda) over five-and-twenty were used by Jamieson in editing them—most of them for the first time.

Nor was this all: there were identification marks yet more absolute. Jamieson began his *Popular Ballads* with 'Childe Maurice', and in his preface (vol. i, p. x) he said: 'To the original editor of the Reliques of Antient English poetry I owe the very curious copy of Child Maurice and the fragment of Robin Hood, and the Old Man.' And he added grateful compliments to Percy. It is, however, in the introduction to 'Childe Maurice' that there occurs a passage decisive of the immediate question of the identity of the collector of the MS. transcripts acquired by Mr. Cowie. Referring to the text of 'Childe Maurice' Jamieson (*op. cit.* i. 6) returns to the subject thus:

'Yet defective as the following copy is it deserves on various accounts to be preserved. The lovers of ballad lore are indebted for its present appearance to the liberality and politeness of the learned and elegant (original) editor of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. It is a transcript taken

with the most minute and scrupulous exactness from the folio MS. still in his possession which is so often referred to in the *Reliques*; and is the same that is mentioned in Ed. 4, vol. iii, p. 90 of that work.'

The reader will recognize in these allusions both to the Percy folio and to the transcript from it a close paraphrase of the marginal note and endorsement on the transcript itself in the putative handwriting of the Bish . A facsimile accompanying this article will exhibit the clear identity of the bishop's script. Had there been any doubt about this inference, or any further mystery about the identity of Jamieson as the collector, it would have been removed by a curious error made by Percy himself or by whatever person under his order made the minute and careful copy sent to Jamieson. Inaccuracy dogs the steps of the most minute and careful of men. Exact and skilful as the transcript was, the copyist made one slip: he omitted the verse (lines 89-92 of Hales and Furnivall's edition of *Percy's Folio MS.*, ii. 505) which follows:

& thou [hast] sent her a ring of gold  
a ring of precyous stone  
& bade her come to the siluer wood,  
let ffor noe kind of man.

Hence the absence of this verse in Jamieson, *op. cit.* i. 13. Rarely in collations is proof so perfect: but the citations in the Erceldoun poems (Nos. 27 and 82 in our MS. compared with the text printed in Jamieson, *op. cit.* i. 7-42) are only one degree less convincing of the fact that in this volume of transcripts we are near what a century ago was a veritable wellspring of Scottish romance by the side of the bonny road to Elfland 'That winds about the fernie brae'.

In the song No. 23 occurs another final and very odd touch of proof. Here is the second verse:

Buties great store makes love a feast  
The more hee hath he sorfeits least:  
His stomac goes though he be blinde  
[And loves variety of kinde]  
Then think not &c.



The &c. is a contraction for a chorus

Then think not strange  
To see a change  
Since love's of such a mynd. (bis.)

The line which the scribe enclosed within square brackets bears obvious traces of editorial change. An originally blank line of space was first filled with the words

And change of food he loves of kinde :

then 'change of food' (doubtless too prosaic for such an occasion!) was deleted, and the word 'variety', interlined after 'loves', completed what one must reckon a very lame line. Now if the patient reader will turn to Jamieson, *op. cit.* ii. 306, he will find that conscientious editor printing

[And loves variety of kinde]\*

and adding a foot-note—

\* This line I have ventured to supply, as a line was wanting here in the MS. The expression of *kinde* means *naturally*.'

The foot-note is thus doubly a sign-manual not only to the authorship of a whimsical line in the edited poem but also to the penmanship of it in the transcript from which it came.

Robert Jamieson's work has been justly described as marking an epoch in ballad-editing. He was laying his foundations in 1799 while he was a classical assistant in Macclesfield School in the English Midlands. He travelled both in Scotland and England in quest of material. His friends and correspondents were not few. 'But', said he (*op. cit.* i. 12), 'the great encourager and promoter of these studies, as of all liberal studies and virtuous pursuits, was the late Rev. Jonathan Boucher, vicar of Epsom.' This was the Mr. Boucher whose 'small MS. Collection' (No. 7 *supra*) was one of the quarries from which he drew his levy of song. Jamieson was his own chief transcriber, and our MS. was mainly his own copying. His name is not infrequent in the correspondence of Sir Walter Scott (see Lockhart, chap. xiv, for an interesting 'Queen of Elfland' passage in 1805). His studies had sufficiently matured in 1806 for publication at a time when apparently

fortune was none too kind. The book, a handsome product of the Edinburgh press, had the reception its quality might lead us to expect: it was doubtless productive more of fame than of profit to the expectant exile. His friendship with Scott (unfortunately broken at last) was of sufficient endurance to serve distinguished literary purposes. His editorship has now a fresh test to sustain by the rediscovery of his originals. His fidelity to his sources is finely vindicated by these careful transcriptions faithfully reproduced in his book. They are of no ordinary value as registers of the zeal and method of a great editor at a time when Scott was entering the charmed portal of literary invention through the gateway of the ballads, and when Jamieson himself was ruefully anticipating his departure to the 'shores of the frozen Baltic' in quest of the living he tells us he could not make in his native land. His transcripts are the pedigree of many ballads which through his editing equally stimulated the spirit and amplified the resources of British literature.

GEO. NEILSON.

## THE 1604 TEXT OF MARLOWE'S 'DOCTOR FAUSTUS'

*The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* has reached us in a form which all who were concerned in its production have largely succeeded in making the reverse of tragic. The play was first performed late in 1588 or early in 1589. The earliest edition now known was printed by Valentine Simmes and published by Thomas Bushell in 1604. There is a copy among the Malone books in Bodley, and it is believed to be unique. But the play was entered by Bushell in the Stationers' Register on January 7, 1601. Sometimes an entry of this kind was made by the theatrical company in order to secure their copyright, and was not followed by publication; but a publisher would have no motive for locking up the manuscript, and an edition probably appeared in 1601. If so, no copy appears to have survived. The complete disappearance of the first edition and the survival of the second in a single copy are a striking testimony to the popularity of the play. More questionable signs of appreciation are the issue of a 'ballad of the life and death of Doctor faustus the great Cungerer', licensed on February 28, 1589; the payment by the manager Henslowe of four pounds to William Birde and Samuel Rowley on November 22, 1602, for contaminating the text with additions; and the production of 'Doctor faustus the 2 parte', which must have been sheer buffoonery, at some date earlier than October 16, 1609, when a transfer of the copyright is entered in the Register. As Elizabethan drama developed, the Devil sank to the status of a low comedian, and the publication, probably in 1588, of an English version of the German *Faust Book*, emphasizing the achievements of 'the great Cungerer', provided tempting material for the interpolator. When a play was, in the expressive phrase of the

Elizabethan theatre, a 'get-penny', the insertion of scenes 'never before acted' was an obvious device to attract the playgoer. Older practitioners than Birde and Rowley pretty certainly experimented in this way upon *Doctor Faustus*. Room had to be made for the new scenes they supplied, so the manager kept pace with the interpolator by ripping pages out of the manuscript and destroying them. This was a business precaution to prevent any copying or learning of the discarded text. The result was a piece of patchwork in which, more and more, prose supplanted verse and comedy made inroads into a tragic theme. Our earliest known quarto was given to the world eleven years after Marlowe's death, and fifteen years after the date of its composition. In that interval irreparable harm was done to the text.

An attempt is made here to track the process of corruption in the Quarto of 1604. But a word must be said about one later text—the new and enlarged version with additional 'cuts', which appeared in 1616. Fully to discuss the relations of these two texts would require a separate essay; it may suffice to say that the 1616 text is valuable for correcting some errors of its predecessor, and particularly its errors of omission. Thus Mr. Tucker Brooke, while taking the 1604 text as the basis of his own recension of the play, accepts from the 1616 Quarto two lines necessary to the sense—the third and fourth in the following extract—in the description of Rome.

Know that this Citie stands vpon seuen hilles  
 That vnderprops the groundworke of the same  
 (Iust through the midst runnes flowing *Tybers* streame,  
 With winding bankes that cut it in two parts,)  
 Ouer the which foure stately bridges leane,  
 That makes safe passage to each part of *Rome*.  
 (Sig. D verso; ll. 833-8.<sup>1</sup>)

A similar restoration seems to be justified in four other passages. The suggestions of the Good and the Evil Angel are usually conveyed in carefully balanced antitheses. In the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Tucker Brooke's numbering in the Oxford Marlowe is quoted throughout.

following passage not only is this balance lost sight of, but there is also a lack of sequence.

*Enter good Angell, and Euill.*

*Good Angel* Sweet Faustus, leaue that execrable art.

*Fau.* Contrition, prayer, repentance: what of them?

*Good Angel* O they are meanes to bring thee vnto heauen.

*Euill Angel* Rather illusions fruites of lunacy, . . .  
(Sig. B 4; ll. 447-50.)

The 1616 text must be right in making the Evil Angel reply to the appeal of the first line:

Go forward Faustus in that famous Art.

The omission is explained by a common form of manuscript or textual error; both lines end with the word ‘Art’, and either the copyist or the printer—it is impossible to say which—thus overlooked the second line. Similarly in the astronomical passage replying to Faustus’ query,

Tel me, are there many heauens aboute the Moone?  
(Sig. C 3; l. 646.)

Mephistophilis replies in the 1604 text,

As are the elements, such are the spheares,  
Mutually folded in each others orbe.

The 1616 Quarto rounds off this answer with an additional line:

Euen from the Moone vnto the Emperiall Orbe.

The changes in the following passage are different; they are manager’s ‘cuts’. The lines first printed in 1616 are here enclosed in brackets.

*enter Wagner solus.*<sup>1</sup>

*Wag.* Learned Faustus,  
To know the secrets of *Astronomy*,  
Grauen in the booke of *Ioues* hie firmament,  
Did mount himselfe to scale *Olympus* top,  
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,  
Drawne by the strength of yoky dragons neckes,

<sup>1</sup> Instead of ‘*Wagner*’ 1616 rightly prefixes ‘*Enter the Chorus*’. Probably the same actor played Wagner and the Chorus.

(He views the cloudes, the Planets, and the Starres,  
 The Tropick Zones, and quarters of the skye,  
 From the bright circle of the horned Moone,  
 Euen to the height of *Primum Mobile*:  
 And whirling round with this circumference,  
 Within the concaue compasse of the Pole,  
 From East to West his Dragons swiftly glide,  
 And in eight daies did bring him home againe.  
 Not long he stayed within his quiet house,  
 To rest his bones after his weary toyle,  
 But new exploits do hale him out agen,  
 And mounted then vpon a Dragons backe,  
 That with his wings did part the subtle aire:)  
 He now is gone to prooue *Cosmography*,  
 (That measure costs, and kingdomes of the earth:)  
 And as I guesse, wil first ariue at *Rome*, . . .

(Sig. D; ll. 792-9.)

Clearly such hacks as Birde and Rowley did not vouchsafe the explanation that cosmography 'measures coasts and kingdoms of the earth' or attempt a poetic flight of their own 'to the height of *Primum Mobile*'. There are traces here of a prosaic manager, who kept to strict business and was not impressed by dragons. Henslowe had in his stock in 1598 a property dragon which was actually used in the performance of this play—'j dragon in fostes'—but his successor preferred to rely on the clown.

A final example is to be found in the passage depicting Faustus' last effort to free himself. Mephistophilis turns upon him with the threat—

Thou traitor Faustus, I arrest thy soule  
 For disobedience to my soueraigne Lord,  
 Reuolt, or Ile in peece-meale teare thy flesh  
*Fau*: Sweete *Mephistophilis*, intreate thy Lord  
 To pardon my vniust presumption, . . .

(Sig. E 4 verso; ll. 1304-8.)

The 1616 Quarto begins Faustus' reply with the line,

I do repent I ere offended him.

The line may be dispensed with, but its presence in the text is a dramatic gain. Just before Faustus had cried:

Accursed Faustus, where is mercie now?  
 I do repent, and yet I do dispaire.

Then with a subtle stroke of irony his ‘repentance’ takes a new turn: he repents that he has ever wavered in his allegiance to the powers of evil. The playhouse hack did not make such a point as that.

The total effect of these additional lines is considerable. It is clear that in a certain number of passages, all of which have the common characteristic that they are tragic in tone and are in the form of blank verse, the later text retains the original reading. Marlowe’s craftsmanship—so these clues suggest—was better and more careful than the Quarto of 1604 would lead us to suppose. For can any one say that the conception of the opening scene is consistently and steadily realized in our extant texts? We catch the clear Marlowe note in such a passage as this:

Had I as many soules as there be starres,  
Ide giue them al for *Mephastophilis*:  
By him Ile be great Emprour of the world,  
And make a bridge thorough<sup>1</sup> the mooing ayre,  
To passe the *Ocean* with a band of men,  
Ile ioyne the hils that binde the *Affricke* shore,  
And make that land continent to *Spaine*,  
And both contributory to my crowne:  
The Emprour shal not liue but by my leaue,  
Nor any Potentate of *Germany*.

(Sig. B2 verso, B3; ll. 338-47.)

That passage echoes the imperial note of *Tamburlaine*, but what is done to maintain it in the play? It is not unlikely that, in the uncontaminated text, much was made of Faustus’ travels in quest of knowledge—a theme which would suit Marlowe’s gift of verse narrative—and that the play reproduced something of the processional effect of *Tamburlaine*. But it is the spiritual struggle of Faustus which lifts the theme to a tragic height.

Now Faustus must thou needes be damnd, . . .  
What bootes it then to thinke of God or heauen?  
Away with such vaine fancies and despaire,  
Despaire in God, and trust in Belsabub:

<sup>1</sup> The Quarto reads ‘through’.

Now go not backward: no Faustus, be resolute,  
 Why wauerest thou? O something soundeth in mine eares:  
 Abiure this Magicke, turne to God againe.  
 (Sig. B 4; ll. 433-40.)

So essential a feature of the play could not be edited out of existence, but it could be reduced in bulk. The wrecked verse of the fifth and sixth lines in the preceding extract shows how the manager went to work; he kept to the general sense of a passage, but cut out superfluous words and, of course, metre was not allowed to stand in the way of business. But usually he preferred to paraphrase; prose was simpler and more economical. Hence the sudden resort to it in a verse context. The passage<sup>1</sup> in which Faustus requires and obtains three books of magic, astronomy, plants and herbs, is a good illustration. It ends thus—

*Me.* Here they be.

*Fau.* O thou art deceived.

*Me:* Tut I warrant thee. *Turne to them*

*Fau:* When I behold the heauens, then I repent, . . .

Editors try to clear up this confusion by adding 'Exeunt' to the third line, and then opening a new scene. But conceive such an ending to a scene as this presents. 'Exeunt turning,' I suppose, right-about face, and—as you were! What dramatist gets his characters off the stage for so purposeless an object as to bring them on again? The scene has evidently been shortened.<sup>2</sup>

The stage-direction which marks the entrance of the Duke and Duchess of Vanholt is also a suggestive blunder. Faustus is told that the Duke entreats his company.

*Fau.* The Duke of *Vanholt*! an honourable gentleman,  
 to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning, come  
*Mephastophilis*, let's away to him. *exeunt.*

*Enter to them the Duke, and the Dutches,*  
*the Duke speaks.*

(Sig. E 3; ll. 1196-8.)

<sup>1</sup> Sig. C 2 verso; ll. 598-611.

<sup>2</sup> The 1616 Quarto omits the prose passage, substitutes two lines of verse, and prematurely inserts a later passage of the play, ll. 792-802.



‘Enter to them’—that is, to Faustus and Mephistophilis, who have gone away.

The mismanagement of insertions is even worse. Faustus returns to Wertenberg, after his visit to Rome. The Chorus records that his fame has ‘spread forth in every land’, and that in particular he is honoured by the Emperor Charles V, who has feasted him at court.

What there he did in triall of his art,  
I leaue vntold, your eyes shall see performd. *Exit.*  
*Enter Robin the Ostler with a booke in his hand.*  
(Sig. D 3; ll. 920–1.)

The Chorus is here acting the part of a ‘presenter’, and he is on the point of introducing us to the Emperor’s court when in steps Robin the Ostler. The two scenes in which Robin and his fellow-servant Rafe take precedence of the Emperor will repay examination. Robin has stolen ‘one of doctor Faustus coniuring books’. The first scene ends with the unprofessional clumsiness, already noted, of making the same characters leave and return immediately.

*Robin* No more sweete *Rafe*, letts goe and make cleane our bootes which lie foule vpon our handes, and then to our coniuring in the diuels name. *exeunt.*  
*Enter Robin and Rafe with a siluer goblet.*  
(Sig. D 3 verso; ll. 955–7.)

In the second of these scenes Robin achieves a more startling feat than the theft of the vintner’s goblet; he conjures up Mephistophilis. Mr. Tucker Brooke has pointed out the glaring inconsistency of this exploit with the solemn scene in which Faustus first exercised his spells. The passage throws more light on the methods of the interpolator than any other in the play.

*Vintner* what meane you sirra?  
*Robin* Ile tel you what I meane. *He reads.*  
*Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon*: nay Ile tickle you Vintner, looke to the goblet *Rafe*, *Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu Mephastophilis, &c.* 5

*Enter Mephistophilis: sets squibs at their backs:  
they runne aboute.*

*Vintner* O nomine Domine, what meanst thou Robin? thou hast no goblet.

*Rafe* *Peccatum peccatorum*, heeres thy goblet, good Vintner. 11

*Robin* *Misericordia pro nobis*, what shal I doe? good diuel forgiue me now, and Ile neuer rob thy library more.

*Enter to them Meph.*

*Meph.* Vanish vilaines, th'one like an Ape, an other like a Beare, the third an Asse, for doing this enterprise. 16

Monarch of hel, vnder whose blacke survey

Great Potentates do kneele with awful feare,

Vpon whose altars thousand soules do lie,

How am I vexed with these vilaines charmes? 20

From *Constantinople* am I hither come,

Onely for pleasure of these damned slaues.

*Robin* How, from *Constantinople*? you haue had a great iourney, wil you take sixe pence in your purse to pay for your supper, and be gone? 25

*Me.* wel villaines, for your presumption, I transforme thee into an Ape, and then into a Dog, and so be gone. *exit.*

(Sig. D 3 verso, D 4; ll. 980-1001.)

We note at once the double entrance of Mephistophilis at ll. 6 and 14, and the double metamorphosis of the clowns at ll. 15, 16 and ll. 26, 27. The second entrance of Mephistophilis has the tell-tale 'to them', on this occasion a climax of absurdity, for he re-enters when he is on the stage already. The happy idea of 'setting squibs' to the backs of the Clowns and the Vintner was an afterthought. The first draft must have followed up the mock invocation with the stage-direction 'Enter to them Mephistophilis' and his verse-speech 'Monarch of hel' (l. 17), and the transformation of Robin into an ape and Rafe into a dog; the innocent Vintner was allowed to take to his heels. Lines 6-16 were interpolated later, as the misplaced stage-direction shows. How is such a hotch-potch to be edited? Not, as all editors do, by merely omitting lines 15 and 16: that may cure one inconsistency, but it leaves another untouched. Robin's abject terror in ll. 12 and 13 cannot be reconciled with his cool impudence immediately

afterwards in ll. 23–25. The editor must choose between the squibs (ll. 6–16) and the sixpenny supper (ll. 17–27). But the choice is unimportant, for neither passage is Marlowe’s.

In another passage the repeated phrases seem due to compression. When Faustus is asked by the scholars to show Helen of Troy to them, he answers—

You shall behold that pearelesse dame of *Greece*,  
No otherwaies for pompe and maiestie,  
Then when sir *Paris* crost the seas with her,  
And brought the spoiles to rich *Dardania*,

(Sig. E 3 verso; ll. 1258–61.<sup>1</sup>)

She passes over the stage, and the second scholar exclaims—

Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,  
Whom all the world admires for maiestie.

But the scene opens with a prose speech of the first scholar which betrays the adapter.

Maister Doctor *Faustus*, since our conference about faire Ladies, which was the beutifulst in all the world, we have determined with our selues, that *Helen of Greece* was the admirablest Lady that euer liued: therefore master Doctor, if you wil do vs that fauor, as to let vs see that peerelesse Dame of *Greece*, whome al the world admires for. maiesty, wee should thinke our selues much beholding vnto you.

Here embedded in plain prose are snatches of the verse which follows, and a line not found elsewhere—

Which was the beutifulst in all the world.

The adapter started on the congenial task of cutting down the text, but went no further. The unspoilt context is most valuable, as showing how scraps of pure Marlowe survive in the featureless and rhythmless prose.

Sometimes fragments of authentic work emerge from a welter of buffoonery. This is strikingly shown in what may appropriately be called the Horsecourser scene. It opens with a few lines of Marlowe cut short abruptly by the flat prose of the interpolator:

<sup>1</sup> This passage is printed as prose in the 1604 text.

*Fau.* Now Mephastophilis, the restless course  
 That time doth runne with calme and silent foote,<sup>1</sup>  
 Shortning my dayes and thred of vitall life,  
 Calls for the payment of my latest yeares,  
 Therefore sweet Mephastophilis, let vs make haste to *Werten-  
 berge*.

(Sig. E verso; ll. 1106-11.)

The lover of poetry has fair warning what to expect at that point, and then—'enter a Horse-courser', who buys a horse from Faustus for forty dollars. He is pleased with his bargain, but intimates that in case of need he shall have recourse to Faustus as a veterinary surgeon.

*Exit Horsecourser.*

*Fau.* Away you villaine: what, doost thinke I am a horse-doctor? what art thou Faustus but a man condemnd to die?

Thy fatall time doth drawe to finall ende,

Dispaire doth driue distrust vnto my thoughts,

Confound these passions with a quiet sleepe:

Tush, Christ did call the thiefe vpon the Crosse,

Then rest thee Faustus quiet in conceit. *Sleepe in his chaire.*

*Enter Horsecourser all wet, crying.*

(Sig. E 2; ll. 1141-8.)

The horse turned into a bundle of hay when the new owner rode it into a pond, and he was nearly drowned, but he returns in order to have his money back. Faustus is asleep, and the man cannot wake him: so '*Pull him by the legge, and pull it away*'. And the preparation for this is a reference to Calvary. Probably these lines are a second fragment from the scene of Faustus' home-coming; he returned with Mephistophilis, and this is part of a final soliloquy when he was left alone. It began originally with the line—

What art thou but a man condemnd to die?

but 'Faustus' had to be interpolated to mark the change of grammatical subject from that of the preceding words, 'what, doost thinke.' The botcher was more than usually clumsy, and it is odd that he troubled to keep this scrap of the old material, but we ought to be grateful to him for letting us see the stitches. The scene ends with the world-magician

<sup>1</sup> The Quarto runs the first two lines into one.

who aspired to make his spirits ‘flye to India for gold’ and ‘ransacke the Ocean for orient pearle’, levying an extra tax of forty dollars from his victim.

Such humour is characteristic. At what should be a crisis in Faustus’ mental anguish, when he is praying to Christ for help, and his fate is not yet hopeless, the text has been pruned and interpolated.<sup>1</sup> It opens with a spirited attempt of Faustus to make Mephistophilis talk to him of God. Mephistophilis flies, with Faustus calling after him,

I, goe accursed spirit to vgly hell,

but he returns with Lucifer and Belsabub. Belsabub’s entry is rather pointless, for he says nothing, though his presence is indicated in the text: ‘I am *Lucifer*, and this is my companion Prince in hel.’ Probably his part has been excised because the manager found it necessary to cut down the cast.<sup>2</sup> And Lucifer’s final admonition, in which we should look for sublimity and terror, runs thus:

*Lu*: we come to tell thee thou dost iniure vs,  
Thou talkst of Christ, contrary to thy promise.  
Thou shouldst not thinke of God, thinke of the deuil,  
And of his dame too.

*Fau*: Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,  
And Faustus vowes neuer to looke to heauen,  
Neuer to name God, or to pray to him, . . . .

(Sig. C 4; ll. 703–9.)

The reference to the devil’s dam, spoken with a comic intonation, would raise a laugh, but the context shows the words ‘thinke of the deuil, and of his dame too’ to be sheer interpolation. Faustus’ promise, ‘Nor will I henceforth’, clearly is a reply to ‘Thou shouldst not thinke of God’.

The ludicrous scene of the Papal banquet ends with the Pope, the Cardinal, and the Friars all ‘running away’. The Pope has ordered the Friars to ‘prepare a dirge to lay the fury’ of the ‘ghost’—that is, the invisible Faustus, who snatches away his meat and wine and ‘hits him a boxe of the

<sup>1</sup> Lines 678 and following.

<sup>2</sup> The 1616 Quarto, which is observant in such points, breaks up the speech of Lucifer, and distributes it between him and Belsabub.

eare'. After some rhyming doggerel, 'Enter all the Friars to sing the Dirge'. So far the words are at any rate consistent with the scene. But the dirge takes the form of a curse upon the perpetrator of the sacrilege, and the third versicle is

Cursed be he that tooke Frier *Sandelo* a blow on the  
pate. (Sig. D 2 verso; ll. 898-9.)

This is sheer irrelevance, but doubtless it was inserted for the benefit of a particular actor. Most frequently this type of interpolation was improvised and did not get into the text. Three sentences in this play are left unfinished, and end with '&c.'<sup>1</sup> Robin's denial that he has stolen the Vintner's silver goblet takes this form: 'I a goblet *Rafe*, I a goblet? I scorne you: and you are but a &c. I a goblet? search me.' This was a technical abbreviation, and was interpreted 'At this point work in gag'. It was a device to enable the fool to 'speak more than was set down for him'.

The 1604 text of *Doctor Faustus* furnishes a variety of clues to the investigator. In a play which managers and adapters have treated so mercilessly, how much of Marlowe's work survives? The passages which may be certainly attributed to him are here tabulated.

Scene i, ll. 1-195.

Scene iii, ll. 235-350.

Scene v, ll. 433-569, 583-97, the end of the scene being a prose abbreviation of the original.

Scene vi, ll. 612-55, 680-711; the passage 712-20 and the conclusion ll. 782-91 again are an abbreviation. The pageant of the Seven Deadly Sins is unlike Marlowe; he would have lavished his splendid verse on these seven figures. It may be noted too that just before the entry of the Sins Lucifer says to Faustus 'come away', but no one leaves the stage; for this clumsiness the 1616 text substitutes 'go *Mephostoph.* fetch them in.'

<sup>1</sup> Namely, lines 571, 968, 984. Cf. Greene, *Orlando Furioso*, 1594, sig. G (1240-2, Malone Society's Reprint):

*Orl*: Faire Polixena, the pride of Illion,  
Feare not Achilles ouer-madding boy,  
Pyrrus shall not, &c.

Scene vii, the Chorus speech assigned to Wagner (ll. 792–802), ll. 803–51 with a prose abbreviation in ll. 825–30.

Scene viii, the Chorus (ll. 905–21).

Scene xi, ll. 1106–9, 1143–8.

Scenes xiii to xvi, ll. 1254 to the end.

The loss of necessary lines and the occasional miswriting of verse as prose suggest that the text was printed from a transcript. There is much confusion in the Latin, and in the spelling of Greek names, such as ‘Anulatikes’, ‘Dolphian Oracle’, and the ‘Oncaymæon’ which Mr. Bullen so brilliantly elucidated. In l. 1461 the Quarto reads as a line of prose

Ah *Pythagoras metem su cossis* were that true—  
which has not been satisfactorily readjusted; it is verse,

Ah Pythagóras metemsúcosis,  
Were that true,

with the Greek words read according to the accent.<sup>1</sup> But points like these would have been problems for any printer. How could he have recognized *ὄν καὶ μὴ ὄν* if he had not had a University education? Only a clearly written holograph could have saved him. That, of course, he did not get—probably he could not get—in the year 1604. The Quarto of 1616 retains enough of the original to suggest that the authoritative manuscript remained at the playhouse, and was not put in the hands of Valentine Simmes’s compositors.

PERCY SIMPSON.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Tamburlaine*, Part II, l. 3967 ‘As in the Theoría of the world’. This pronunciation of Greek was common; a striking example is in Ben Jonson’s masque, *Time Vindicated*,

I envie not the *Ἀποθείωσις*,  
’Twill prove but deifying of a Pompion—

where the Folio text of 1640 prints the long vowel, but shortens it in pronunciation.

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